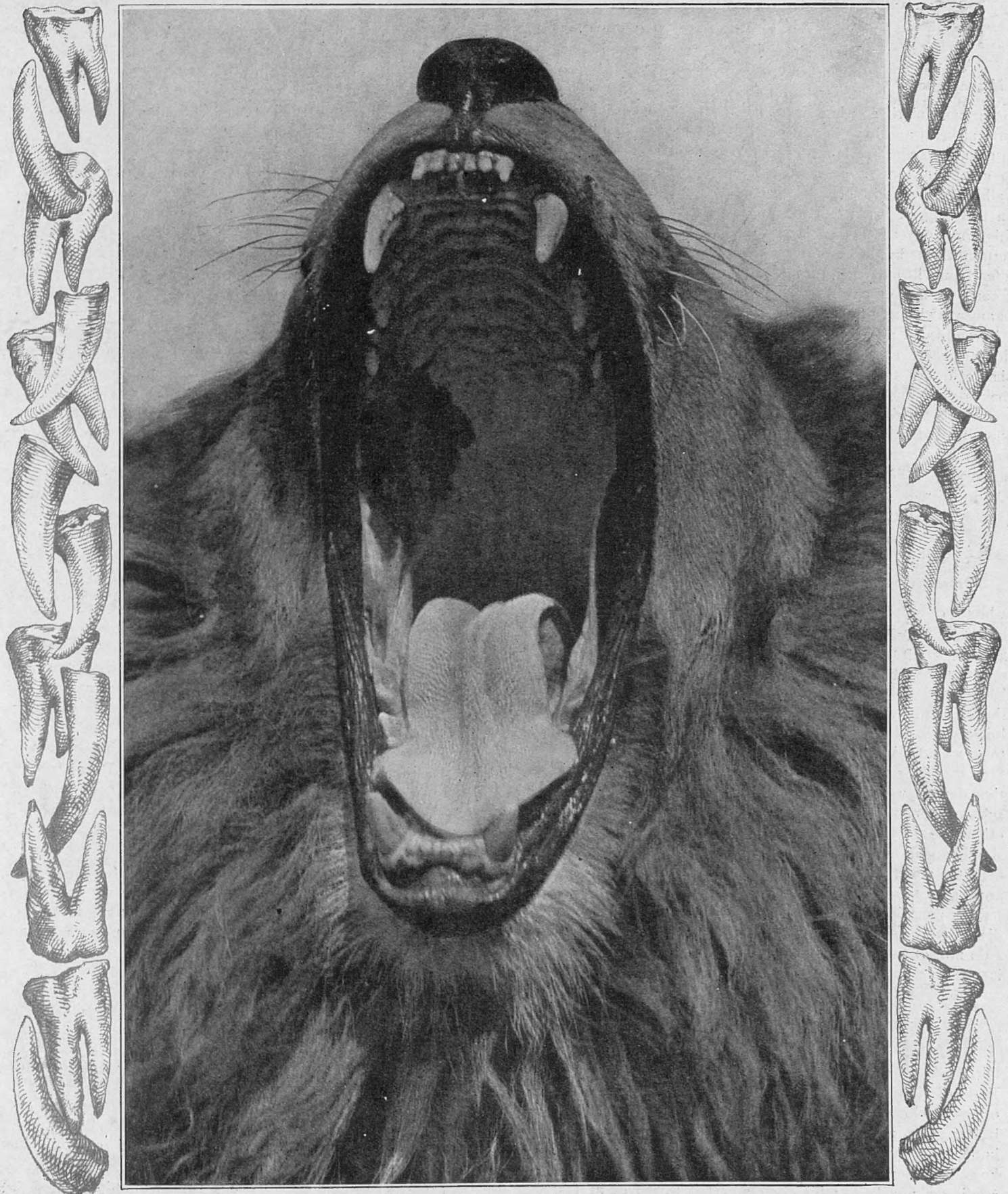


The Sketch

No. 919.—Vol. LXXI.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1910.

SIXPENCE.



A GOOD OPENING FOR A YOUNG MAN: ADDRESS "LEO, BOX 21."

His Majesty the Lion is bored at having to be in town during the off-season.

Photograph by Raines and Co.



"GORSE COTTAGE."

Always
Misunderstood!

Ever since I can remember, I have been misunderstood. Injustice following on misunderstanding is always hard to bear, but more particularly so when it comes from one whose interests you have at heart and have honestly tried to forward. The latest person to misunderstand me is my Lyceum Club correspondent who wrote to complain that it is almost impossible to obtain satisfactory walking exercise in certain streets of London. Replying to her on this page, I said: "Well, my dear lady, I set myself to solve this problem years ago. How would it be to allow admission to certain streets by ticket only, as at railway-stations? Failing that, I fear you will have to walk in the park or fly to the country. Wish I could do more for you." And my correspondent, if you please, is angry with me. She accuses me of flippancy, and tells me that I have missed a great opportunity of doing good. I cannot sit down meekly under such reproaches. Abuse I do not mind; slander leaves me cold; malice rouses my pity; but rank injustice makes my blood boil. When I asked my correspondent how it would be to allow admission to certain streets by ticket only, I thought that I had put forward a fairly good suggestion. Let me, however, go into the matter more fully. To get into these streets—say, the Strand, Fleet Street, Ludgate Hill, Regent Street, Oxford Street, and Kensington High Street—you would have to pass a turnstile.

Mr. Wells's
Preserves.

Wait a minute, dear lady. The man at the turnstile would demand a penny. If your club happened to be in that street, or you had a house or an office there, or you were employed there, you would have a season-ticket, renewable every three months. If you were going to shop there, the shop-assistant would hand you a pass-out; on presenting this at the turnstile, your penny would be returned. We should thus, you see, exclude from these narrow, overcrowded thoroughfares all loafers, cadgers, beggars, nursemaids, and other loiterers who did not care to pay up a penny. Country visitors to town would think it well worth while to pay a penny to see the Strand or Regent Street, would they not? The enormous revenue thus derived would be devoted, in the first place, to paying for the subways constructed for the benefit of those who had to get to the other side of the street. When this sum had been paid off, we should spend another million or so in erecting awnings to be drawn over the street in wet weather, thus converting it into a delightful arcade, to the huge benefit of the shop-owners and shop-keepers. I think you will admit, dear lady, that you were rather hasty when you dismissed my suggestion with the scornful comment, "Flippant!" I do not, of course, insist upon an apology, but I rather fancy there is one due, is there not?

The Lonely
"Bachelor Girl."

Delightfully sympathetic letters are still reaching me by every post in reply to my request for advice in the case of the lonely "Bachelor Girl." Most of my correspondents are ladies living in the West End of London. Some ask for "Bachelor Girl's" address; others enclose letters to be forwarded to her. As I explained last week, I am rather helpless in the matter, because I do not know "Bachelor Girl's" name or address. Further, I do not know whether she ever sees this journal. She wrote to me after reading a novel of mine (I concealed this fact at first because some people are always ready with accusations of self-advertisement, but now I feel bound to reveal it), which deals with the adventures of two bachelor girls endeavouring to earn a living in London. Her letter was addressed to me, care of the publishers of that novel. As I stated last week, if she will send me her

name and address, in the strictest confidence, I will forward her the letters that I have received; in the meantime, I can do nothing. One correspondent, by the way, said—"I take it the case is authentic." Yes, Madam, the case *is* authentic. Did you suppose I had gone out of my way to invent it? If so, I must ask you to believe that any small reputation I may have as a writer has not been founded on such catchpenny tricks.

Help for the
Helpless.

I have been reading, with a good deal of commiseration, an article in a daily paper called "Miseries of Caravanning." "A party of us," says the writer, "have just returned from a caravan expedition of a fortnight's duration; we were two sisters with their respective brothers." She means, of course, "We were two girls with their respective brothers." You cannot very well possess a brother without being a sister. "The weather was good on the whole," she continues; "the lanes of Sussex and Kent were charming—when we had time to contemplate their beauty—and we girls, at any rate, had the consolation of knowing that the male portion of our party enjoyed themselves immensely, or said they did. . . . From early morn till dewy eve we girls were either making beds, thinking of food, cooking it, or washing up—usually in cold water." I am not surprised that her article is entitled "Miseries of Caravanning" if she cannot manage better than that. The marvel is that the brothers even professed to have enjoyed themselves in the company of such incompetents. Had they been real caravanners they would quickly have turned to and cooked for themselves. To continue: "In the caravan expedition (on paper) the oil-stove—at all times an abomination—burns beautifully, and cooks bacon, eggs, coffee, and hot milk simultaneously. In reality it may be persuaded to cook one of these necessities. . . ."

In Defence of the
Oil-Stove.

If it is foolish, in the first place, for such people to go a-vanning, it is downright wicked of them to turn round and lump all their failures on to the long-suffering, willing, capable little oil-stove. So far from being "at all times an abomination," an oil-stove is at all times a blessing to those vanners who know how to use it. I have an intimate acquaintance with an oil-stove. It is a very small one; with the complete outfit of pots and pans, it cost fourteen shillings. Here are some of the meals that it has cooked, with triumphant success, "all at once"—

MONDAY.

BREAKFAST.—Bacon and fried bread, coffee and boiled milk. Time—twenty minutes.

LUNCH.—*Omelette aux fines herbes*. Time—ten minutes.

DINNER.—Roast beef, boiled cabbages, potatoes roasted under meat. Time—one hour and a half.

TUESDAY.

BREAKFAST.—Broiled bloaters, coffee, boiled milk. Time—fifteen minutes.

LUNCH.—Cold roast beef. (No waiting.)

DINNER.—Rissolis, boiled French beans, sauté potatoes, stewed rhubarb. Time—two hours.

WEDNESDAY.

BREAKFAST.—Fried bacon and poached eggs. Time—twenty minutes.

LUNCH.—Broiled sole. Time—twenty minutes.

DINNER.—Roast chicken, stewed celery, boiled potatoes. Time—one hour and a half.

I find, to my dismay, that I have exhausted my space. I will try to deal further with the Helpless One next week.

THE TURBAN — ANOTHER “DOLLAR PRINCESS” CREATION.



THE EASTERN STYLE OF HEADDRESS FOR THE EUROPEAN: MISS ELIZABETH FIRTH
(IN HER NEW TURBAN TOQUE) AS OLGA, THE LION QUEEN.

The turban is the very latest thing in toques, and promises to be very popular. It will be seen that it is strongly suggestive of the turban of the East. Miss Elizabeth Firth is now playing Olga, the Lion Queen, in “The Dollar Princess,” at Daly’s.

Photographs by Rita Martin.

SOUTHEND BELLES: WINNERS AT THE BEAUTY SHOW.



1. THE FIRST-PRIZE BRUNETTE: MISS VIOLET RUFFLE, OF SOUTHEND.

2. THE SECOND-PRIZE BRUNETTE: MRS. HART, OF DEPTFORD.

3. WINNER OF THE PRIZE FOR THE LONGEST HEAD OF HAIR: MISS JESSIE TAYLOR, OF LEWISHAM, WHOSE HAIR IS FIVE FEET SEVEN INCHES IN LENGTH.

4. THE FIRST-PRIZE BLONDE: MISS PHYDORA, OF SOUTHSEA.

5. THE SECOND-PRIZE BLONDE: MISS EVANS, OF SOUTHEND.

Southend held another beauty show last week in its Kursaal, and a large audience was attracted. Verdicts were given according to the amount of applause received by each competitor and the judges' opinions.—[Photographs by Record Press and Central News.]

THE SEA AS A LETTER-BOX: MISSIVES CAST UPON THE WATERS.



POSTING LETTERS AT ST. KILDA: CORRESPONDENCE SENT ADRIFT DURING THE MONTHS
DURING WHICH NO VESSELS CALL AT THE ISLAND.

During those months in which vessels do not call at the island of St. Kilda, in the Outer Hebrides, letters are dispatched in the manner shown—that is to say, they are placed in a waterproof, buoyant case and cast upon the waters. Usually this remarkable mail-packet is picked up on the coast of Norway, to be forwarded later to the Foreign Office. Four packages out of six reach their destination.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.

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"A TURF TOPIC."—We are hearing much of the horse just now; of
the shortage in the Army, where the four-footed warrior is still an
essential, and of man's ingratitude to his worn-out friend. As long,
however, as England breeds the racehorse there will be a section of
the public who will uphold our equine traditions, and, moreover, treat
the old and useless worker, let us say, in a sportsmanlike way. Those
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detention of manuscripts, drawings, paintings, or photographs sent to him.

Every contribution submitted to "The Sketch" should bear the full name and
address of the sender legibly written. In the case of batches of photographs and
drawings, the name and address should be written on each photograph or drawing.

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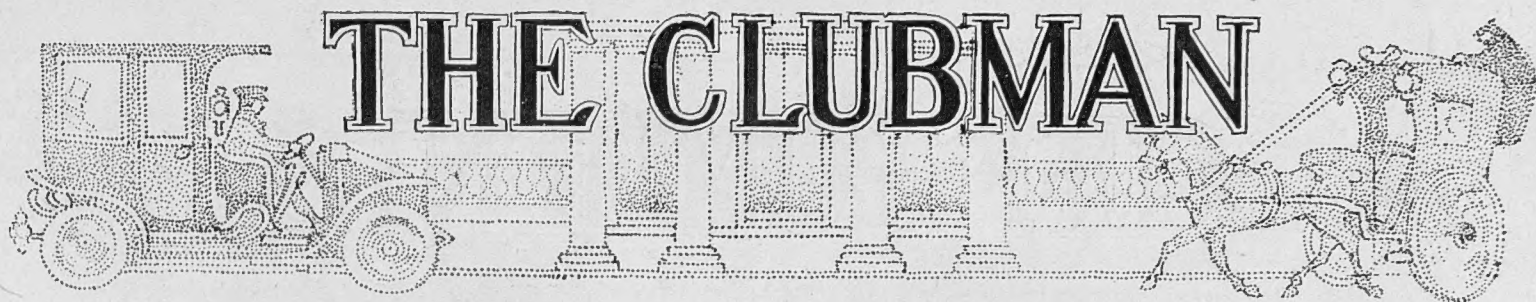
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same risk.

September 7, 1910.

Signature.....



A Country of "Tips."

Nowhere in the world is the practice of "tipping" so universal as it is in Austria. Everybody who claims any position in the social scale tips all his or her inferiors on the slightest provocation. The man with a red or yellow band on his cap who clips the tickets in a tram-car expects a copper coin from each passenger. Fortunately for the pockets of humble travellers, the usual Austrian copper coin is one-tenth of a penny—rather less than half a farthing of our money. At any restaurant, the inexpensive as well as the expensive ones, three waiters expect tips. The head-waiter, who takes the orders and makes out the bill, is the most important of the three, and expects the largest sum. The table-waiter, who really does all the work, comes second on the list; and the very small boy in a dinner-jacket and black tie, who takes the orders for wine or water and brings the bottles to table, also expects something. An Austrian gentleman who is liberal, but not a spendthrift, generally gives threepence, twopence, and a penny to the servitors; but an Englishman—for every Englishman is always supposed to be wealthy—is expected to give more.

Some of the "Tipped."

It would be impossible, I am sure, to make out a full list of the people whom I have tipped, or shall have to tip, before I leave Karlsbad; but these are a few of them: On the last day of my cure I shall drop into my mug, as I hand it to the little maidens at the spring to be filled, a crown, the silver coin which is worth a little more than a franc. At my lodging-house I give weekly "refreshers" to the sturdy country girl who keeps my rooms tidy, to the man who cleans the boots, to the girl who brings me up my letters, and to the girl who brings back my washing. Before I leave I shall tip the cook and the kitchen-maid and a nondescript maid who sometimes sends me up in the lift. Had I lived in an hotel instead of an old-fashioned, quiet lodging-house, the list of servants to be rewarded would have been much longer.

The List Continued. I have tipped the servant who ushers in the callers to the doctor's sanctum, and the lift-man and two assistants at the electrician's rooms where I go daily to have electricity run through me, and I can see that the man who opens the door to me there is growing hungry for his tip. A minor male official at the bathing establishment and an official of the other sex have both done me some slight service, and have both been suitably rewarded, and, of course, the girl who prepares my "Sprudel" bath always gets a tip. At the restaurants where I lunch and sup there are

the three tips for each meal; at the café where I drink my coffee of an afternoon the little waitress in a black dress, with a silver number, or her name in the same metal, pinned on to it, has, of course, to be rewarded; and the boy who puts a programme of the music the band is playing on one's table also expects his services to be recognised. Of all the tips that I donate to polite people at Karlsbad, there are none which bring so much pleasure in the giving as those I give to the waitresses.

The Karlsbad Waitresses.

At all the out-of-door cafés at Karlsbad—a grove of little trees before a villa, with tables draped with blue or pink cloths in the shade—a flock of waitresses wait on the guests. They are always smiling and always obliging, and never tired or cross, and I believe that their contagious good-nature has much to say to the success of the Karlsbad "cure." They earn a little *dot* by the tips they are given by the clientèle of the cafés, and they almost invariably marry one of the workmen in the great porcelain factories which stud the tableland all about the town. One little waitress announced her approaching marriage to a group of patrons of one of the cafés, and added that she would not be there to wait on them next year, for she would be attending to the duties of her home. A South African millionaire asked her if the man she was going to marry had plenty of money. The little waitress answered well. "In our country, Sir," she said, "we marry for love, and not for money."

Austrian Politeness. There are many things to admire in this Austrian Empire, and many things we Britons might copy to advantage. The politeness of the common people to each other is wonderful. A street-sweeper will take off his hat to a washerwoman with as much dignity as that with which any nobleman will salute a countess. They are excellent horse-masters, and the horses which draw the farm-carts are all as sleek and as well groomed as though they were competing in a horse show. The little two-horse victorias which ply for hire in the winter in Vienna, and in the summer go to Salzburg and Ischl and Baden and Marienbad and Karlsbad, are by far the neatest and best turned-out carriages to be found on a stand in any country in Europe. Some of the proprietors use the Hungarian har-

ness, which is exceedingly light, a broad breast-band taking the place of the collar. All the horses have ear-covers of bright colours, as a protection against the flies, and the driver, if he is a dandy, wears a straw hat with a ribbon round it of the same colour as that of his horse's ear-bags.



AN EXPERIMENT TO TEST THE POSSIBILITY OF FIRING FROM AN AEROPLANE IN FLIGHT. LIEUTENANT JACOB EARL FICKEL ABOUT TO START HIS FLIGHT WITH MR. GLENN CURTISS.

Lieutenant Fickel, of the United States Army, made an aeroplane flight the other day with Mr. Glenn Curtiss, using his rifle to test the practicability of firing the weapon while in flight. Lieutenant Fickel is not the only one to make such an experiment, for it was reported only the other day that Lieutenant Camerman, of the French Army, raised his rifle to his shoulder, while piloting an aeroplane, and covered another aeroplane with it. He did not fire.

Photograph by Underwood and Underwood.



GLÉGLÉ, THE BLACK PRINCE, AND THE FRENCH FRUIT-SELLER TO WHOM HE IS SAID TO BE ENGAGED.

Prince Gléglé, son of the late King of Dahomey, is said to be engaged to the pretty fruit-seller of Paris whose portrait is here given. Prince Gléglé was a sergeant in the Foreign Legion, and is now in Paris seeking to settle matters with the authorities as to his pension.

CUFF COMMENTS

WITH THUMBNAIL SKETCHES BY GEORGE MORROW

By WADHAM PEACOCK.



IN the merry, merry days when we were young the burning desire of every healthy boy was to be a pirate, a Red Indian, or an engine-driver. The youth of to-day has no ambition; he only wants to be a van-boy.

It may be, though, that a van-boy is the nearest combination of our three heroes that is to be met with in this imperfect world.

With wonderful unanimity the papers inform us that wasps will commit suicide "under desperate circumstances." What we want is a Society for the Encouragement of Suicide among Wasps. It would save much needless irritation in fruit-time.

THE AUTO-CRAT.

When you hire a taxi-cabby
Do not undertake
it lightly,
For his tip must
not be shabby,
Though he treat
you impolitely.
Speak in a respect-
ful manner,
For I'm sure I need
not mention
If he deigns to take
a "tanner,"
'Tis the noblest
condescension.

When you ride in motor-
buses
(Such a thing occurs
to many),
You are not assailed with
cusses-
If you pay the humble
penny.

So it passes comprehen-
sion
Why a taxi-man's un-
willing
To accept with condescen-
sion
Anything below a shil-
ling.

The mysterious red fish of Maidenhead has one of its eyes half-closed in a perpetual wink. Obviously the Bad Fish of the Family.

Feet are to be worn small this autumn, says a fashion article. People with beetle-crushers have still time to trim their superfluities with an adze.

Another appalling vice has been discovered. It appears that many otherwise respectable business-men are in the habit of eating sugar, chocolate, and acid-drops in secret. At least let us be thankful that so far they do not commit this horrible crime in public.

Nearly half a million pounds of human hair were sent from Hong-Kong to the United States last year, and this autumn it will be fashionable for hair to be worn piled on the top of the head. Whose hair?

Such is the contrariness of human nature that if a demand for "Silence" were put up in a railway-carriage, all the passengers would at once feel an inappeasable yearning to talk.



Suggestion is the latest cure. If you are timid, say twice mentally at night, previous to going to sleep, "I have no fear of anything or anybody." It is much safer than saying it aloud in the face of a savage cow.



Esperantists have got hold of a real grievance. There are no swear-words in the "language," so choleric members have to choose between apoplexy and real speech.

THE IDEAL GIRL.
(The Ideal Man having been found, he is now going in quest of the Ideal Girl.)

I've sought her in London
town,
And at many a smart
resort,
Her hair may be golden
or brown,
And she may be tall
or short;

Plump if she likes, or
slim,
Well or ill dressed
may be,
She may even be old—if
she's plenty of gold,
And makes an ideal
of me!

Here is a cryptic announcement. "It is proposed to keep the first Wednesday in October as a general holiday along the coast of North Wales." Why? Is it to take a census of the "I's" in the villages?

"Penal servitude for a can of milk," says a headline. What has the tin been doing—drinking its own contents?

FEET REDUCED

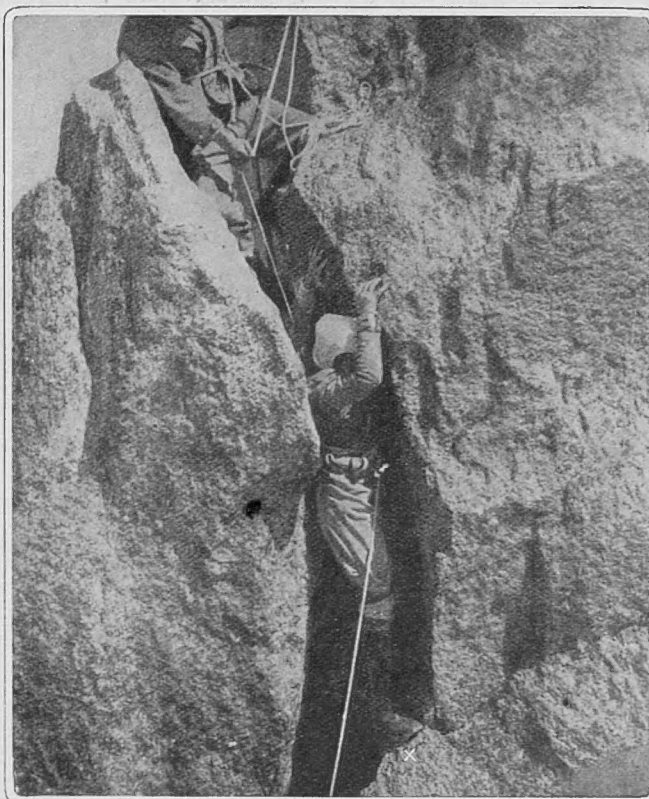


✦ ✦ OUR WONDERFUL WORLD! ✦ ✦



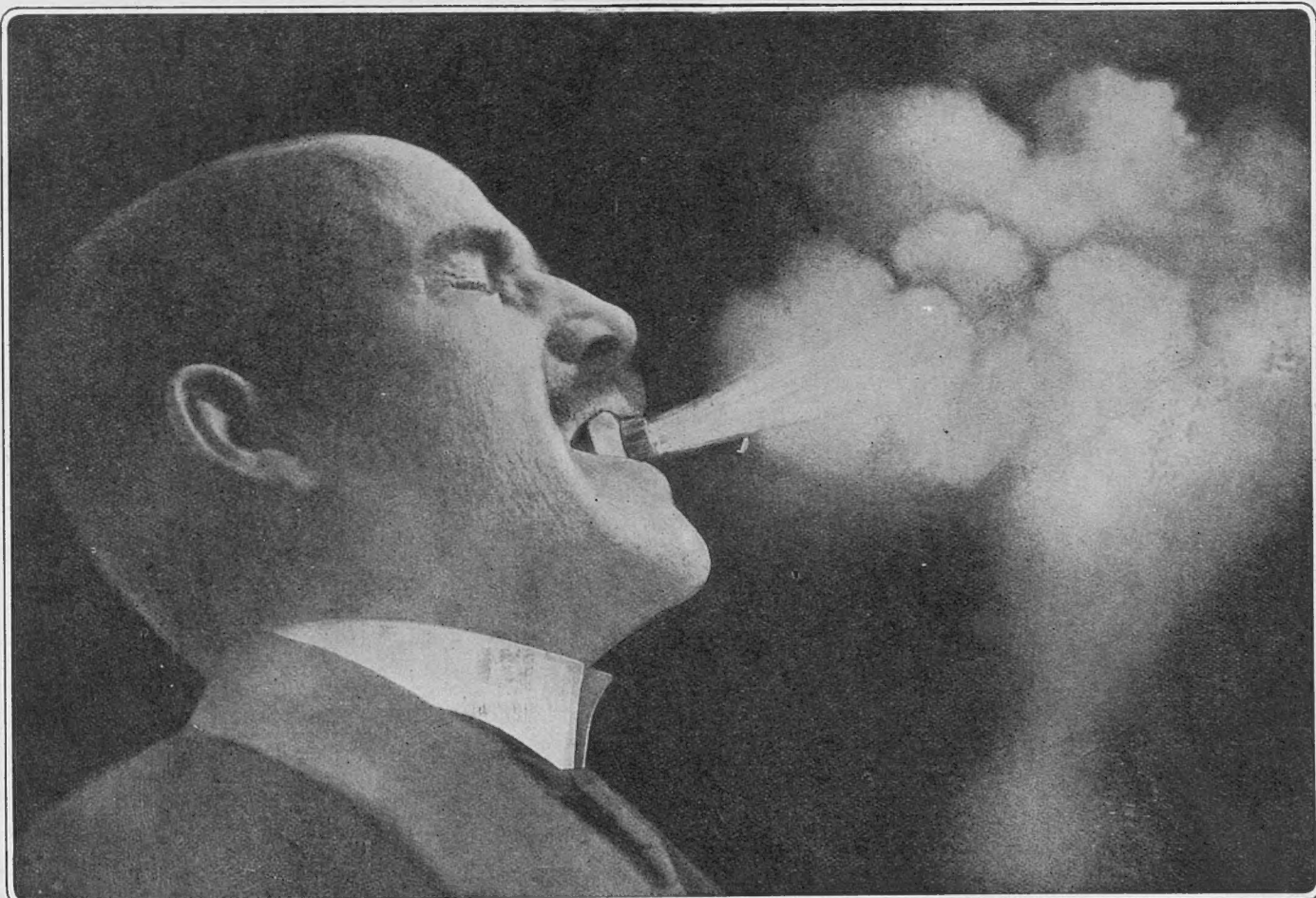
THE SMALL DRESS AND THE LARGE HAT: A PORTER CARRYING A COMPLETE COSTUME IN ONE BOX AND ASSISTING A MILLINER TO CARRY A COUPLE OF HATS.

This snapshot illustrates amusingly the present fashion for skimpy costumes and enormous hats. It shows the porter of a dressmaker's establishment carrying a complete costume in a small box and aiding a little milliner, who finds the great boxes, holding a couple of hats, too much for her



MAKING THE MOST DIFFICULT ASCENT IN THE WORLD: MME. MAURICE MAQUET (X) CLIMBING THE MUMMERY CRACK ON THE AIGUILLE DE GREPON.

The Mummery Crack, on the Aiguille de Grépon, is described by Mr. George D. Abraham as the most trying problem on "the most difficult rock-peak in the world." Our photograph gives a good idea of the difficulties that have to be encountered by the daring climbers.



A NERVE-TEST FOR THE VENTURESOME: FIRING A "GUN" HELD IN THE MOUTH.

The entertainer, Mr. O. Naumann, of Berlin, has constructed a device by means of which he can fire "guns" of various sizes held in the mouth. He recommends the experiment to those desirous of testing the strength of their nerves—and presumably that of their teeth.—[Photograph by A. Schertl.]

SMALL TALK

FEW subjects are so immediately and universally interesting as food, and Sir James Crichton-Browne finds, perhaps at the cost of his peace of mind, that a talk of haddocks and herrings may prove more attractive than news of any sea-serpent of the silly season. "Oh, do come and talk Billingsgate to us," is the request that reaches him from the country-houses of his friends; and he has already learnt to resign himself to his fate—fried fish at every dinner he goes to for at least six months.



"SHOT" AT A ROYAL SHOOTING-PARTY LAST WEEK: LORD KILMARNOCK.

Lord Kilmarnock, who received part of the contents of a gun which went off by accident at a royal shooting-party last week near Abergeldie, is the eldest son of the Earl of Erroll, and is in the Foreign Office. Pellets struck his nose, ear, and finger, broke his eye-glass, and lodged in his right arm, but, fortunately, the injuries were very slight.

Photograph by H. Walter Barnett.

succeeds in the popularisation of fish as a food—a cause in which Baroness Burdett-Coutts failed—he will deserve that his title suffer some sea-change. There is a Lord Yarmouth already with us, but no Lord Grimsby.

Cereals and Ceremonials. There is one chance for the food reformer—the Coronation. During the endless ceremonial there will be no Prince, nor Duchess nor Cabinet Minister who will not sigh for sustenance. While Edward VII. was being crowned, a noted doctor who was in the Abbey fed on Plasmonbiscuits; but if he blessed their feeding properties, he cursed them as the driest morsels he had ever tasted. Why does not Mr. Eustace Miles devise some tiny packet that will be food and drink at once for the thirsty and hungry multitude during some waiting space on the great day? Let him ponder the number and the quality of his converts were he able to do so.



OF NOBLE BLOOD, BOTH SCOTTISH AND IRISH: MISS ANGELA DRUMMOND.

Miss Angela Drummond, daughter of the Hon. Mrs. Charles Drummond, descends from ancient Scottish and Irish houses. Her father is a great-grandson of the fourth Viscount Strathallan. Her mother was Miss Caroline Boyle, of the family of the Earl of Cork and Orrery.

Photograph by Bassano

The Sea Lord. Undeniably, the food reformer should be a figure of paramount importance, who, as a public benefactor, receives the highest national rewards. And yet the ranks of the Peerage are seldom increased from those of the caterers.

Sir James Crichton-Browne does not, however, call himself a food-reformer. He claims only to have stated knowledge that is common to men of science, as well as to most men of observation, but if he



DAUGHTER OF THE LATE KING OF THE BELGIANS AND DAUGHTER-IN-LAW OF THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA: PRINCESS STÉPHANIE (COUNTESS LONYAY). Princess Stéphanie is the second daughter of the late King Leopold, and sister of Princess Clémentine, who is to marry Prince Victor Napoleon. Princess Stéphanie's first husband was the ill-fated Crown Prince of Austria. Her only daughter, the Archduchess Elizabeth, is married to Prince Othon of Windisch-Graetz. She herself married Count Lonyay in 1900.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.

The Sea and the Seer. Mr. Carlyon Bellairs is among the many English visitors who have reached or are about to reach North American shores. Son of Sir William Bellairs, a Crimean veteran, and grandson of another Sir William, who fought at

Waterloo, Mr. Bellairs is an instance of the linking of the present with the past. But he is young, and cannot, like Lord Grenfell, claim any directly personal association with a man who met the great Napoleon. Defective eyesight has, in Mr. Bellairs' case, been the making of his reputation as one of the most far-seeing critics of Liberal naval administration. Save for trouble with his eyes, he would have kept his position in the Navy—and his mouth shut.

A Distinguished Visitor. Of our Canadian visitors, the one most emphatically

French in his origins is the Hon. Rodolphe Lemieux. If he would exchange his frock-coat, the regulation uniform of a Postmaster-General, for a peasant's blouse, he

might easily pass in a French vineyard for one of the sturdy class that has supplied Canada with many of its best citizens. Mr. Lemieux is fond of surprising his English friends, who have a vague notion that French-Canadians are confined to Quebec, with figures from the census returns of 1901, when the French element in the population numbered a million and a half. Mr. Lemieux is leaving London, which he knows well, and which knows him well, in time to represent the Dominion at the opening of the South African Parliament. In the meantime he has business with our own Postmaster-General in regard to the cheapening of Press and deferred cable rates between England and Canada.

"Happy Thoughts."

Happy thoughts go to Miss Winifred Burnand on her engagement to Mr.

Philip Bradney. Humourists have not always been found the least grim of fathers-in-law, but Mr. Bradney has already learnt to agree with the critic who said of Sir Francis Burnand that not one of his myriad arrows of wit was ever yet poisoned. For twenty-six years editor of *Punch*, Sir Frank next year keeps the fiftieth anniversary of his first dramatic production. He was a boy of fifteen at Eton when his maiden farce was presented at Cookesley's House and at the Theatre Royal, Worthing. Middle-age has meant for him no diminution of good spirits, and the puns he still flings broadcast make it impossible ever to describe him as "an Eton boy grown heavy."



DONOR OF AN OPERATING-THEATRE TO A RUGBY HOSPITAL: MR. ARTHUR JAMES. Mr. Arthur James, who has undertaken to complete, at a cost of several thousands, the Operating Theatre at the Hospital of St. Cross, Rugby, is a well-known owner of racehorses. He is this year the tenant of Glenquoich, the deer-forest where King Edward twice visited the late Lord Burton. His wife is related to the Duke of Portland.

Photograph by Val L'Estrange.



SISTER-IN-LAW OF THE MARQUESS OF DUFFERIN AND AVALDY: LADY FREDERICK BLACKWOOD. Lady Frederick Blackwood is the wife of the Marquess of Dufferin and Ava's second brother, and only daughter of Mr. Robert Woodhouse, of Orford House, Bishop's Stortford. She has one little son. Lord Frederick Blackwood is a Captain in the 9th Lancers, and served in the South African War.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.

ONCE CHAMPION: FIVE TIMES SECOND IN THE CHAMPIONSHIP.



NO. VII.—ENGAGED AT TROON: WILLIAM FERNIE.

William Fernie, who was born in 1858, has been professional at Dumfries and at Felixstowe, and is now engaged at Troon. He has won the championship once, and was second on five occasions. Victory has been his in thirty-four tournaments.

Photographs by Reinhold Thiele.

CROWNS CORONETS COURTIER

BAGSHOT PARK—a name suggestive enough of sport and partridges—is seeing little of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught this year. But their Royal Highnesses, whose energy knows no bounds, will find time to give to their Surrey home before leaving for South Africa on Oct. 10. The Duke finds time for most places and people—for young Lord Vernon at Dongarrie, in the Isle of Arran; and for Glasslough House, County Monaghan, the Irish place of his friend Sir John Leslie, who is eighty-eight, and therefore deposes his son, Colonel Leslie, to do the honours. The visit to Balmoral Castle is, of course, the most interesting and momentous preliminary to the voyage in the lovely liner that takes her name from King George's Scottish home.

The Newspaper-
man.

The Atlantic liners are carrying unwonted numbers of passengers on their westward journeys, for besides hordes of returning Americans, a considerable number of English people are travelling to the States or to Canada. Lord and Lady Bathurst have just set foot for the first time on Canadian soil, with the good intention of doing North America as thoroughly, in two months, as the American does Europe in that time. Lord and Lady Albemarle and Lady Betty Keppel are also newly arrived in the Dominion. Lord Northcliffe, always with a shrewd eye for the commerce and the commas, the type and the types, of the whole world, is not due in America till after he has made a tour of Newfoundland with Lady Northcliffe.

Tips. One of the first duties of the Englishman in America is slightly to revise the tip-tariff that has served him in England and on the Continent. He will, despite a tradition to the contrary, find he gives no more in the States than he does at home; but he must distribute it differently. Of the New York hotel one guest has given a very dismal account: "His happiness consists in the reflection that he has made others happy. He has feed the waiter who brought his morning coffee, the chambermaid (or perhaps two chambermaids), the porter who carried up his trunks, the porter who carried them down, a third who put them on the cab, a fourth who looked on, the elevator conductor, the head waiter, the actual waiter, and four small boys in silver-laced

caps. Then he gives all the money he has left to the hall-porter." But the result is the same in England, though more concisely expressed, in the speech by which Lord Chancellor Bethell will be longest remembered. Leaving his seaside hotel, he met a friend, and said: "I came down here for change and rest. The waiter kept the change, the landlord had the rest."



THE ELDEST DAUGHTER OF EARL BEAUCHAMP, LADY LETTICE LYGON.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.

From Steerage to Peerage. Among the manifold responsibilities of the writer of Peerages, that of scratching out is one of the most pressing. It is complained that in a peerage just published the learned editor has been too sparing of his blue-pencil. It is certainly doubtful whether such information as that the wife of a certain peer's heir was "a Scandinavian steerage emigrant to Nova Scotia" would not be better left to the fugitive and less reputable pages of the memoir-writer, where there is a chance of it being soon forgotten. Likewise the observation that the first marriage of the wife of another peer's son took place when her second husband "was but two years old" is unkindly made. If dates must be given, they should, it may be maintained, be given in a cut-and-dried fashion, and not sensationally. The reminder, in another peerage, that one poor duchess died of a surfeit of cherries will perhaps help to keep the lampreys in countenance, and will bring the blush to no human cheek, for the Duchess in question met her death many generations ago.

Lord Leconfield's Ignorance. Lord Leconfield's plea,

when opening a flower-show, that he was rather at sea among the blossoms need not be taken too seriously. He had never, at least, let his head-gardener at Petworth, where the flowers are sufficiently beautiful, into the secret of his ignorance. It is, of course, a difficult thing to decide where your ordinary mortal ceases to be an ordinary mortal and where your botanist begins. One famous German authority declared that no man should call himself a botanist unless he could name 5000 plants, adding that no one is a great botanist until he knows 20,000. That rules out many men besides Lord Leconfield, who will have it that he does not distinguish between a rose and a geranium. And yet his father married a Primrose!



THE COUNTESS BEAUCHAMP AND HER CHILDREN.

The Countess Beauchamp, whose marriage took place in 1902, was Lady Lettice Mary Elizabeth Grosvenor, daughter of the late Earl Grosvenor. Her eldest daughter, Lady Lettice, is four; Lady Sibell is three; Viscount Elmley was born in 1903, the Hon. Hugh Lygon a year later.—[*Photograph by Lallie Charles.*]

LORD MINTO'S SUCCESSOR: THE NEW VICEROY OF INDIA,
HIS WIFE, AND HIS FAMILY.



LORD HARDINGE OF PENSHURST, LADY HARDINGE OF PENSHURST, AND THEIR CHILDREN—
EDWARD, ALEXANDER, AND DIAMOND.

Lady Hardinge of Penshurst, wife of the new Viceroy of India, was the Hon. Winifred Sturt, and is a sister of Lord Alington and of Viscountess Chelsea. She has for many years enjoyed the confidence and friendship of Queen Alexandra, one of whose Women of the Bedchamber she was. She has two sons and one daughter. The sons take their names from the late King and from Queen Alexandra; the daughter's name recalls King Edward the Seventh's famous Derby winner, Diamond Jubilee. Lord Hardinge of Penshurst is the brother of Viscount Hardinge of Lahore. His grandfather was Governor-General of India in 1844, and for his fine services there was created Viscount Hardinge. The new Viceroy has been Ambassador at St. Petersburg, and Permanent Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. He enjoyed in an unstinted degree the confidence of King Edward.

THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS

By E. F. S. (MONOCLE.)

"The Eternal Question."

Mr. Hall Caine would be much more amusing if he did not take himself so seriously; but probably this taking himself seriously is the secret of his success. Without all the preliminary announcements and discussion of the great and moral lesson of "The Eternal Question," it would no doubt have been necessary to go to the expense of a real crowd in the Coliseum, with real shooting, and possibly a railway accident and a horse-race as well. It is obviously much cheaper, and seems equally effective with the public, to write a few pages of rhetoric about the hopelessness of the woman who takes a "protector" and to have it heralded by very irrelevant references to the Divorce Commission. What the Divorce Commission has to do with the story of Donna Roma and David Rossi it is not quite easy to see. But it served the purpose of bringing "The Eternal City" up to date, and provides an excuse of a sort for changing its name to "The Eternal Question." Apart from

this not very ingenious device, and an alteration of the original happy ending, the play in outline is very much what it was. Donna Roma, insulted by Rossi, falls in love with him; he addresses meetings and escapes from the clutches of Bonelli's police in strange and unexplained ways, and ends by accidentally shooting his pursuer; whilst Donna Roma, by some singularly foolish conduct, succeeds in keeping the plot going to the end—an ambig-

uous end which depends upon the ways of Italian legal tribunals. As these are curious, it is just possible that David and Roma escaped to live happy ever after—but it really does not matter very much. Mr. Guy Standing played the unscrupulous official very well, and Mr. Vernon Steel was an earnest young Socialist; whilst as Roma Miss Tittell-Brune acted with considerable power and displayed gifts worthy of a better play.

Blue Beard, at His Majesty's. "Henry VIII." after as splendid a booming as that of "The Eternal Question," had a splendid reception, and Mr. Bouchier's beard received tremendous applause. I am inclined to think it was the best part of his Henry, for although he played very cleverly, his acting was not perfect; but the beard was. The imperfections lay in some strange comicalities, intended, no doubt, to justify the statement of Sir Herbert that Henry was no gentleman, with which I agree; but I believe there is no ground for thinking that the proud Tudor clowned in public so quaintly. Nor did Miss Violet Vanbrugh seem altogether queenly in her outbursts of wrath, which showed plenty of energy and not much dignity: the note of greatness introduced by the dramatist was hardly sounded by the actress, whose best work was in the quieter scenes, which she played very earnestly. Sir Herbert's Wolsey is of his best: it is quite unlike Irving's, presenting, indeed, a different Cardinal—one, I fancy, more like the man from Ipswich, and presenting him very vividly. He was exceedingly impressive in his grandeur, and pathetic in the fall, though he would do well to take the

farewell speeches faster: his countless admirers will, I imagine, be quite satisfied. Buckingham is the scoring part in the play, and Mr. Henry Ainley did not miss his chance; he played the unlucky Duke splendidly. The Anne of Miss Laura Cowie was charming, if a trifle over-acted—a fault easily curable. Mrs. Charles Calvert won the only laughter of the evening, and deserved it. To Messrs. George, Lawrence, O'Neill, Sass, Cookson, Creighton, and Gurney, a word of praise well earned. As to the splendours of the mounting, they must be seen to be realised, and a dozen columns would not serve for a bare inventory. It is a very remarkable production of a very unremarkable play.

A Sort of Problem Play.

Because Mr. Rudolf Besier has proved himself to be an original dramatist of great ability, he has been chosen to adapt a French play for Miss Evelyn Millard, not to write work of his own. What a pity—what waste! For "La Rencontre" is a mechanical French drama of passion by no means rich in quality, and in the shape of "The Crisis" is a rather dull piece, in which a delicate problem is handled clumsily. A fine dramatist might

have produced a thrilling drama upon the idea—anticipated in "Fedora"—of the woman, naturally virtuous, who gives herself to a married man in order to save him from misfortune; the subject treated heavily is unedifying and offers little interest to the casuist. No one could pretend that the sacrifice of Camille the heroine was even excusable; it was a stupid piece of folly which might well make people doubt her motive. Miss Millard's charm and talents are well known by all playgoers, who also are aware that she is not a whirlwind actress; and, unfortunately, the crisis of "The Crisis" needed whirlwind acting by her and Mr. Norman McKinnel, instead of which it got "reserve force" acting on their part; whilst Miss Sarah Brooke, as a naughty little woman, tried honestly to do some whirlwinding, but was only "gusty." There was some laughter at the work of Mr. Lennox Pawle in a comic part, which was used very untactfully towards the close of the play. Altogether "The Crisis," although rather favourably received, was not a very satisfactory enterprise, and does little for the glory of our stage or anyone connected with it.

The Return of Folly.

The Follies have returned to the Apollo with a programme entirely new and, on the whole, remarkably good. The Potted Pageant leaves room for improvement, but a great deal of it is very funny, and few things could be better than the series of voice trials on an empty stage, from which each competitor is gently led off with an intimation that he or she may hear something in a day or two. Of the gastronomic quartets, the "Haggis" is the best, with Mr. Pélissier as a Hebrew Scotch laird, and he distinguishes himself also in an Arcadian duet, perhaps the best thing of the evening. Mr. Lewis Sydney, Miss Gwennie Mars, Mr. Douglas Maclaren, and Miss Muriel George are all in great form.



MR. GERALD LAWRENCE AS THE EARL OF SURREY.



MR. HENRY AINLEY AS THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.



MR. A. E. GEORGE AS THE DUKE OF NORFOLK.



SIR HERBERT TREE AS CARDINAL WOLSEY.
"KING HENRY VIII." AT HIS MAJESTY'S.

Photographs by F. W. Ruxford.

MR. HALL CAINE'S LATEST: "THE ETERNAL QUESTION," AT THE GARRICK.



1. MR. HALLIWELL HOBBS AS POPE PIUS XI. 2. MR. VERNON STEEL AS DAVID ROSSI. 3. MR. GUY STANDING AS BARON BONELLI.
4. DONNA ROMA VOLONNA TELLS THE COURT THAT A COMPROMISING LETTER SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN WRITTEN BY DAVID ROSSI IS A FORGERY.
5. DAVID ROSSI AND BARON BONELLI, AFTER THE STRUGGLE IN WHICH BONELLI IS SHOT WITH HIS OWN WEAPON. 6. DAVID ROSSI AND DONNA ROMA GO TO THEIR TRIAL TOGETHER, CHARGED WITH THE MURDER OF BARON BONELLI.

"The Eternal Question" is a second play by Mr. Hall Caine founded on his own novel, "The Eternal City," and deals at considerable length with the respective positions in the eyes of the world of the erring woman and the erring man. In the centre photograph (reading from left to right) the chief figures are Mr. Wilfrid E. Payne as Charles Minghelli, Mr. Oscar Adye as Bruno Rocco, and Miss Tittell-Brune as Donna Roma Volonna.—[Photographs by the Dover Street Studios.]

STAR TURNS

MISS MARIE LLOYD.

MISS MARIE LLOYD has been described by Mr. Percy Williams, the well-known vaudeville manager of New York, as "the greatest artist and best fellow who ever crossed the Pond," a phrase he had engraved on the loving-cup which he presented to her a couple of years ago at the termination of a long engagement with him.

Had she had the misfortune to be born a man, she might have gone into the Church, for, as a child, she was exceedingly religious, with a strong cross-strain in the direction of the stage. At school she used always to take part in the entertainments, and won great applause for her efforts.

Eventually she banded a few girls together as the "Fairy Bell Minstrels," and used to perform at various mission-halls in the East End for charitable purposes. On one occasion she even took her concert-party to the City Temple, when the late Dr. Parker was alive. The great preacher sat on the platform with her on one knee, and one of her little sisters on the other, and in the course of his speech told the audience what clever children they were.

Shortly after that, her parents decided to put "Tilly," as she was then called, on the stage, and she soon learnt two songs that were sung by other artists—Miss Jessie Acton's "In the Good Old Days, Long Ago" and Miss Jenny Hill's "Sweet Violets." They were copyright songs, and it was only her youth and inexperience which probably saved her from a prosecution for infringing the rights of these artists. The songs were sung, however, at the Grecian Assembly Rooms, when Miss Lloyd appeared as an extra turn under the name of Bella Delmeyer. She then got occasional engagements to appear at concerts at half-a-crown a time. On one of these occasions an agent recognised her genius, and suggested that she should change her name, as "Bella Delmeyer" took up too much room on the bills. It was in that way that "Marie Lloyd" came into existence; Marie being the name of one of her sisters, and Lloyd her mother's maiden name.

The agent duly booked her to appear at the Star Theatre, Bermondsey, and the Bedford Music-hall, at a salary of fifteen shillings a week for each house! The engagement was for one week certain. At the end of that time each salary was doubled, and Miss Lloyd was advanced to the top of the bill at both houses, a position in which she was retained for six consecutive months.

Her first songs were "You're Sure to Fetch 'em, if You only Dress in Style," and "Harry's a Sailor." They were bought for five shillings each from a blind man, who taught her the tunes on a concertina, and she paid half-a-crown to get them orchestrated. Now she spends £500 a year on songs, to find, perhaps, only three or four that she can retain in her repertoire!

Even two salaries of thirty shillings each do not warrant the hiring of a cab to go from hall to hall, and Miss Lloyd used to trudge

from one to the other with her mother. Between them they carried the tin box in which her costume was packed, and on it her little sister used to sit, to save her the fatigue of walking. Later, Miss Lloyd rose to the dignity of being able to hire a moth-eaten brougham, with a baulky horse, at thirty shillings a week. Once the horse went more slowly than usual, and was late in reaching a hall at Greenwich. In her hurry she slipped down a flight of stone steps and sprained her knee. In spite of the anguish, she did her "turn," which included a song and dance, and went home to have the limb encased in plaster-of-Paris for six months, and to cherish the belief that her career was over.

When she was better, her agent got her an engagement at the Oxford at £2 10s. a week. One of her songs, "Wink the Other Eye," made her reputation, and her week's engagement was extended to six months. At the Oxford she introduced her famous "leg-twist" dance, which revealed a lot of white skirts under a black dress. In doing the high, twirling kicks, she used to tear yards of lace off her petticoats every night, and her mother spent hours every day in sewing them on again. In despair one day, when more lace than usual had to be sewn on, she suggested to Miss Lloyd the idea of lifting her dress at the back, so as to avoid tearing the lace. That night Miss Lloyd tried it. As she swung her petticoats to keep them away from her feet, as she kicked to one side and the other, it looked as if they had been transformed into a gigantic fan. The effect was instantaneous. The audience burst into thunders of applause, encoring the dance, which became the sensation of the hour. Every "serio" in the country tried to do it, but to this day no one has ever been able to manage that fan effect.

From the Oxford Miss Lloyd went, on a three months' contract, to the Alhambra at £15 a week, and remained two years. Then she crossed to the Empire at £30 a week, and remained there for three years, after which the late Sir Augustus Harris engaged her at £70 a week to play "principal girl" in the Drury Lane pantomime for three years. Before that engagement, she made her first appearance at Koster and Biall's, then the leading music-hall managers in New York, where she played for forty weeks. Since those days, Miss Lloyd has gone on, and on, and she is still going on, to the delight of the public and the satisfaction of the managers, who have booked her for five years ahead. The result is that, although Mr. George Edwardes wants her for his next production at the Gaiety, he is likely to want, and the public—which loves its Marie Lloyd so much that it settles down into absolute silence the moment she appears on the stage, that it may not lose a syllable she utters or miss a gesture, even though it be a wink of the other eye—is likely to find her scintillating in her own particular firmament for a long time to come.



AS GRETCHEN IN HER HUSBAND'S PLAY, "HIS LIVING IMAGE": MISS AMY FRANCIS (MRS. STANLEY COOKE).

Miss Francis is to play Gretchen in her husband's little play of Dutch life, "His Living Image," which is to precede "The Man from Mexico," at the Strand. The production is due on the tenth of the month.



Miss Webster. Mr. Beerbohm.

Mr. Pierce.

A SKETCH BY MR. W. L. COURTNEY AT THE PALACE: A SCENE FROM "A WOMAN'S REVOLT." Mr. Courtney's sketch, "A Woman's Revolt" (originally produced at Miss Maud Allan's matinée at the Palace a year ago) was presented at the Palace for a "run" on Monday of last week, and was heartily received. Miss Ada Webster is playing Gabrielle; Mr. Evelyn Beerbohm, Colonel Reutledge; and Mr. Walter Pierce, Launcelot Wrayne.

Little Games for the Holidays—Heath Robinson Invt.



V.—CHIVVING THE SPONDULE—FOR COUPLES ABOUT TO BE ENGAGED.

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.

AT THE SIGN OF THE AVUNCULAR RELATIVE.



SATURDAY



MONDAY

THE WEEK-END.

DRAWN BY A. LEETE.

CHECK !



THE SPORTSMAN: What do you think of my shooting-suit, dear?

THE WIFE: Is it for the First of September or the Fifth of November, pet?

DRAWN BY STARR WOOD.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER

"THOU"—THE CALAMITY.

THE average woman of the Land of the Lion and of the Sun is, it would seem, much as was the "Thou" of Omar's day: she may sit beside her lord, singing to turn his Wilderness into Paradise enow, the while he sips his cup of wine and breaks his loaf of bread; she may give him sons, that he may have light in his eyes; she may even amuse him, as did the many ladies favoured by Fath Ali Shah, by "tobogganing" down a long slide leading to the edge of a marble bath. Beyond that, she counts for little. "Woman is a calamity," says a Persian proverb; "but no house ought to be without this evil!" From infancy her subservient position is made apparent. Her nurse announces her advent to her father in fear, for she may be ordered to "eat sticks," and to be bastinadoed is unpleasant, if common; her mother may be divorced by reason of her coming into the world in place of the coveted son. Not for her are the silken cradle, the charms against the evil eye, the feast of rejoicing, the "sovereign" cure for convulsions during teething, the coarse outdoor garments designed to deceive the passer-by, who, by admiring audibly the beauty of the child, and at the same time forgetting the saving "Mashallah" ("God is great"), might call down sickness upon the baby. Those belong to the boy alone. The girl grows up practically unnoticed. "If she is one of several," says Miss Ella C. Sykes in her most fascinating book, "Persia and Its People," she will play and perhaps do lessons with her brothers until about the age of eight, when her so-called education will stop . . . the child's life will be spent in the *anderoon*, or women's apartments. . . . It is in the *anderoon*, which is invisible from the outer courtyard, though the only approach to it is through the latter, that the master of the house keeps his women, his choicest carpets and silken divans, and the second-rate European lamps and pictures so dear to his heart. . . . This seclusion, penetrated by no man save the husband and near relatives, would be like a prison to an Englishwoman; but a well-to-do Persian lady has no wish for exercise."

For her marriage she is dependent upon her parents. Not so many years ago she would have been wed when eleven or twelve. Now she is married at a more suitable age, despite continued belief in the saying: "To do things quickly is of Satan, because God works slowly. Haste is only permissible in three matters, which are as follows: To get a husband for your daughter, to bury your dead, and to set food before a guest." "Money enters largely into the question, the parents of a daughter having to give two or three hundred *tomans* to every hundred possessed by the man . . . the couple are not supposed to see one another at all until the formal betrothal before a *mulla* takes place, and on

this occasion the fiancée's face is so thickly covered with rouge and powder, and her eyes are so painted up that it is difficult to get any idea of her natural charms." Once married, the bride finds even truer than before the saying, "The God of women is a man; therefore, all women must obey men." "There is seldom any real friendship or intimacy between the wedded couples, and often the husband will pass all his days in the *birouni*, where his wife may not enter, and will have his meals served to him there, his womenkind eating what he may leave." Divorce is as easy as it is in certain States of America; but the return of a divorced pair to one another is more difficult of accomplishment: "A Persian may divorce his wife for no other cause than his own caprice, but in such a case is supposed to give back the dowry he received with her. If, however, the wife asks for the divorce, although she may be in the right, she will probably forfeit all she possesses. . . . If a man has uttered the formula of divorce in a fit of anger, and wishes to have his wife back, she must first be married to and divorced by another man before he is able to do so." Even when she is facing death, troublesome thoughts must be hers, "because the heaven accorded to women by the Prophet cannot be attained by them with the same ease as apparently the men can enter

into their Paradise—in fact, tradition states that when Mohammed was permitted a glimpse into hell, he informed his followers that women were in an enormous majority in that fiery realm."

Who can wonder that Miss Sykes finds it in her to say, "The life of a Persian woman, taken as a whole, cannot be considered a happy one . . . the seclusion of their lives, with so little outside interest, encourages hysteria and all sorts of nervous complaints." And is there not the husband who boasted that his wife trembled in his presence to such an extent that she could not swallow a mouthful of food! In view of such things, it may be taken for granted that changes will come—slowly, perhaps, but surely. The women of Turkey are already pointing out the way. Miss Sykes' next book may show a very different picture. Meantime, we can recommend "Persia and Its People" to all, not only for what it has to say about Persian women (a small part of which we have quoted), but for what it has



MR. RALEIGH AWAITS EAGERLY MESSAGES FROM MR. ARTHUR COLLINS.



A MARCONIGRAM FROM DRURY LANE INFORMS MR. RALEIGH THAT "THE WHIP" MAY RUN UNTIL CHRISTMAS.

LOCAL COLOURING? MR. CECIL RALEIGH, AUTHOR OF THE "DREADNOUGHT" DRAMA FOR DRURY LANE, GETS NAUTICAL WHILE ON HOLIDAY.

Mr. Cecil Raleigh has written a "Dreadnought" drama for Drury Lane, and this may be produced this autumn. "The Whip," which is by Mr. Raleigh and Mr. Henry Hamilton, is so successful, however, that it is possible that it will hold the boards at Old Drury until the time comes for the production of the pantomime.—[Photographs by H. Wheeler.]

to say on many another phase of life in the land ruled by the "King of Kings." Miss Sykes writes with knowledge and understanding. There can be no doubt but that her volume will be read widely, and will turn many to her "Through Persia on a Side-saddle."



A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

THE PURSUIT OF CHRISTABEL.

By EMERIC HULME BEAMAN.

COLONEL KETTLEWICK stood on the pier landing-stage and gazed at the approaching steamer.

"Now, I'll wager a dozen golf-balls to a twopenny cigar that Christabel is on board that wretched boat," he muttered grimly, as the *Brighton Queen*, with decorous deliberation, paddled towards the pier-head.

"I'll take that bet, Sir," remarked a smooth voice at his elbow.

The Colonel swung round and stared at the speaker. "What the devil—" he began, and checked himself suddenly, adding with a jerk, "*You!*" as he recognised in the carefully groomed young man by his side the face and form of Mr. Algernon Lister, a gentleman whom he least expected—and, for the matter of that, least desired—just then to encounter.

"A dozen golf-balls I think you said, Sir?" inquired Mr. Lister politely.

"No doubt, Sir," retorted the Colonel, with freezing dignity, "you possess private information on the subject. I must decline to bet against a certainty."

Mr. Algernon Lister looked pained. "My private advices may, after all, prove unreliable," he protested. "I think you must admit there can be no 'certainty' where—ahem!—where Christabel's movements are concerned?"

"What, pray, are you doing here?" demanded the Colonel, repudiating Mr. Lister's suggestion.

"I'm waiting for the steamer," the latter calmly informed him. "The afternoon is so fine that I thought a short cruise to Hastings might prove agreeable. And you, Colonel—?"

"Hastings—ah!" ejaculated the Colonel, brightening. "Then Christabel is at Hastings?"

"It is just possible," said Mr. Lister in a speculative tone, "that she may be on this steamer, you know."

The Colonel turned upon the speaker wrathfully.

"Look here, Lister," he exclaimed, twirling his grey moustaches, "we had better understand each other clearly. The position is this: my niece left town yesterday without warning. On my return home, I found a note from her, saying, 'Don't worry, uncle; I am just trotting down to Brighton to stay with Kitty Luscombe for a day or two.' I wired at once to Mrs. Luscombe. She wired back, 'Chris not with us; probably staying with the Cartons at Eastbourne.' I came down to Eastbourne by the earliest train I could catch. Well, Sir, my niece is not at the Cartons." The Colonel paused to glare at Mr. Lister.

"Odd—deucid odd!" commented that gentleman. "Not at the Cartons? You surprise me, Sir."

"No, Sir. But Mrs. Carton had received a card from her by this morning's post—from Brighton: 'I am coming over to-day by steamer, if fine,' she wrote. Well, Sir," concluded the Colonel, with a note of challenge in his voice, "there is the steamer!"

"And deucid crowded it looks," observed Mr. Lister meditatively. The Colonel shaded his eyes with one hand, while he continued to twirl his moustache with the other. The *Brighton Queen* nosed reposefully up to the quay and waddled alongside.

Among the passengers who lined the rails stood a tall young lady, who suddenly waved her handkerchief towards the group on the jetty. Mr. Lister at once took off his straw hat and waved it enthusiastically in response. Colonel Kettlewick, who was a little short-sighted, observed this pantomime and glanced shrewdly at his companion.

"So Christabel is on board!" he snapped. "And you have lost your bet, Lister!"

"No, no," protested Mr. Lister. "You cried off, Colonel—wouldn't bet against a certainty—don't you remember?"

"Rubbish, Sir!" said the Colonel. "You owe me a cigar. . . . eh? What are you doing?"—for Mr. Lister had already taken his ticket and was hurrying down the iron stairway.

"I am going on to Hastings," cried Mr. Lister over his shoulder. "Ta-ta, Colonel!"

The Colonel instantly plunged after him, pausing only long enough at the pigeon-hole to procure a ticket to Hastings also. Just as he reached the gangway of the steamer he collided against the tall young lady, who was among the last to leave the boat; and she was accompanied by a strange gentleman. The Colonel hastened on deck and grasped Mr. Lister's sleeve.

"Wasn't that the girl who waved her handkerchief to you?" he demanded breathlessly. Mr. Lister conscientiously scrutinised the retreating forms indicated by the Colonel.

"'Pon my soul I believe it was," he admitted. "I evidently made a mistake—she must have been waving to somebody else."

"And it's *not* Christabel!" the Colonel gasped.

Mr. Lister looked apologetic. "No—apparently it isn't," he acknowledged. "Deucid disappointing. However, Colonel, you've just time to get off the steamer before the gangway is drawn up. . . ."

The Colonel's jaws closed with a snap. "I am coming on to Hastings with you," he announced grimly.

Mr. Lister offered him a cigarette with an engaging smile.

"I am sure we shall both enjoy the trip, Sir," he remarked amiably. "The sea appears comparatively calm."

Colonel Kettlewick took the cigarette and lit it mechanically.

"Trip be d—d, Sir," he replied. "I am coming to fetch back Christabel. The girl must be mad to play such idiotic pranks. And you, Lister—you—how dare you encourage my niece to behave in this outrageous fashion?"

"What outrageous fashion?" Mr. Lister inquired in mild surprise.

"When," continued the Colonel, ignoring the question, "I found Christabel had gone to Brighton, I at once formed a strong suspicion that you had accompanied her there, Sir. That suspicion has yet to be dislodged from my mind."

"But—supposing she is at Hastings?" propounded Mr. Lister as an alternative theory.

"I shall then," retorted the Colonel, "insist on her returning to town with me at once. You are aware, and so is Christabel, that I disapprove of her engagement to you. I refuse to sanction it, Lister—that's flat."

Mr. Lister shook his head sadly.

"We are no longer engaged!" he sighed.

The Colonel glanced at him sharply. "Ha! Broken it off—eh? Well . . . but in that case, what are you doing down here?" he rapped out.

"I came to—to look for her," explained Mr. Lister with a sheepish smile. "To try and—and, in fact, to try—"

"I quite understand," said the Colonel heartily. "But it's no use—no use at all, Lister my boy. Give up all thoughts of marrying my niece. You'll never earn enough to pay your tailor's bill—much less to support a wife, Sir."

"We could have taken a little cottage in the country and kept pigs," suggested Mr. Lister vaguely.

"Bosh, Sir! People can't live on pigs. Pigs won't keep *you*, Lister, eh—aha! See the joke? see the joke—what?"

"I don't think much of it," affirmed Mr. Lister gloomily; but the Colonel, whose sense of humour was keen if somewhat elementary, chuckled silently over his unpremeditated outburst of wit for several minutes; in fact, it continued to tickle his fancy at intervals, and had the effect of putting him in such an excellent temper that by the time the steamer reached Hastings he and Mr. Lister were walking up and down the deck arm in arm in the friendliest manner possible. During the voyage and at the instance of the younger man, they had more than once descended to the cabin and assuaged their thirst (which the brine in the air had stimulated in a remarkable degree) by judicious doses of whisky-and-soda; and the Colonel was quite surprised to discover in his associate many companionable qualities of which he had hitherto not suspected the existence.

When the steamer at length drew alongside Hastings Pier it was with almost a shock that the Colonel recollected the real purport of his present enterprise.

"Ha!" he exclaimed, frowning, "Christabel. I had for the moment forgotten. . . ."

"Christabel, by Gad—yes!" cried Mr. Lister, slapping his forehead. "So had I. . . . We must find her."

"We?" echoed the Colonel.

"I may be of assistance," suggested the young man meekly, then suddenly grasped the Colonel's arm and pointed to a figure walking along the pier towards them. "Why, surely—there she

[Continued overleaf.]

is!" he added with feverish excitement. The Colonel looked too, and nodded.

"I believe you are right, dear boy—'pon my word, it's very like her. Come to meet the boat, eh? Come to meet the—why, the deuce! She must have come to meet you, Sir, *you*—what?"

"Be calm, I implore!" counselled Mr. Lister anxiously. "Lord, Sir, she has evidently twigged you—we must look sharp." For as he spoke the elegantly dressed girl upon whom their gaze had been fixed stopped, hesitated, turned, and was now hurrying back again in the direction of the town.

The Colonel sprang down the gangway, with Mr. Lister at his heels, and together they charged through the crowd of alighting passengers and gained the pier-deck. The lady had meantime vanished round the bend of the Pavilion, and by the time the Colonel had accomplished the intervening distance she was already passing through the pier turnstiles.

"Run, Sir, run!" urged Mr. Lister.

"D—n it, Sir, I *am* running!" retorted the Colonel breathlessly. "Can you see her?"

"I'm not sure," replied Mr. Lister, "but I think so. . . . Yes, I fancy that's she—yonder—standing on the pavement—by the tramline—"

The Colonel hastened forward, but when they eventually arrived at the pier-gate it was only in time to see an electric tram flash past them. Mr. Lister emitted an exclamation of despair.

"Euchred, by Jove!" he ejaculated. "She's in that tramcar! I caught a glimpse of her profile through the window. . . . And it's going to Bexhill!"

"Bex— The devil!" exclaimed the Colonel, gazing after the swiftly vanishing car. "Are you certain?"

"Quite, Sir. It's the electric tramline to Bexhill. There's only one chance of overtaking it—you must call a taxi."

Colonel Kettlewick took off his hat and wiped his forehead.

"The abominable minx!" he gasped. "I was never so hot in my life! . . . A taxi-cab! Confound it!—do they keep 'em here?"

Mr. Lister looked round, and signalled with his cane—a motor-cab from a stand close by sidled up to them and stopped.

"Would you like me to come, too?" he inquired, as the Colonel sprang in.

"No, Sir, certainly not!" roared the Colonel, and turned to the chauffeur. "Drive to Bexhill," he commanded; "I want to catch up that infamous tram!—understand?"

This direction having been supplemented by more explicit instructions from Mr. Lister, the driver mounted to his seat, while the Colonel sank back on to the cushions and glared at Mr. Lister. The young man nodded at him encouragingly.

"I think you'll do it all right, Sir," was his cheery farewell, as the taxicab glided away; "and I'll look you up at Eastbourne this evening. . . ."

After which Mr. Lister turned and made his way leisurely to the nearest post-office, whence he despatched the following telegram to a young lady at the Grand Hotel, Eastbourne—

Have sent the old boy on to Bexhill, and am returning by next train. Meet me.—ALGERNON.

The tramcar came to a standstill outside Bexhill Station, and the Colonel's taxi drew up with a jerk a few yards behind. The Colonel hurriedly alighted, paid his fare, and in a couple of strides reached the tram just as an elegant woman was in the act of stepping from it.

"Ha!" cried the Colonel advancing. "So I've caught you at last, young lady!" and he made an elaborately ironical bow; but on raising his eyes to meet the wondering, silent gaze that was fixed upon him, he started back with an exclamation of amazement, which was almost simultaneously echoed an octave higher by the lady herself.

"Great heavens! Adelaide—Mrs. Bellairs!" gasped the Colonel, "and—"

"Colonel Kettlewick!" exclaimed the lady with one toe on the ground, and one hand still grasping the tram-rail. "It surely can't be *you*?"

"It is," admitted the Colonel, mechanically offering his hand to assist her down, and the touch of her soft, gloved fingers sent a curious thrill through his veins. "I didn't even know," he added, "that you were in England"; then, as an afterthought, jerked out, "You are alone?"

"Quite," said Mrs. Bellairs. "I have been in England ever since my poor husband died two years ago—"

"Good heavens!—and I was not aware—I never heard that—" the Colonel stammered in confusion; adding with sudden anxiety, "You are a widow, then?"

The lady inclined her head with a mournful smile. "And you? You are married, of course?"

"Married? Not a bit of it!" the Colonel hastily assured her.

"Fact is, I left India five years ago—shortly after we—you—you and I, that is to say—parted. Came home and took charge of a niece of mine whom my poor brother—confound him!—left to my guardianship. Got a house in Kensington—my sister lives with me—"

"Ah, then it was no doubt your sister whom you mistook for me just now?" asked Mrs. Bellairs, politely interested.

"My sister!" The Colonel with difficulty stifled a guffaw. "She weighs fifteen stone," he explained. "No; I thought you were Christabel."

"Christabel—and who is Christabel?"

"She's my niece," replied the Colonel. "But I'll tell you all about it—that is, if you will deign to accept my escort? You live in Bexhill—?"

"Oh dear, no," rippled Mrs. Bellairs. "I merely came over for half an hour to look at the place. I have been to Hastings to meet some friends, who did not, after all, arrive . . . and I am now on my way back to Eastbourne—"

"To Eastbourne?" ejaculated the Colonel.

"Yes; I am staying there with my cousin, Mrs. Grange. We are at the Burlington."

"At the Burlington!" echoed the Colonel, "Why, bless my heart, so am I!"

"What a strange coincidence!" observed Mrs. Bellairs, regarding him reflectively. "Are you *sure*?"

"Absolutely certain," declared the Colonel. "Honour bright! I came to look for Christabel—Christabel is my niece—charming girl, but mad as a hatter—it's simply providential."

Mrs. Bellairs did not dispute the fact, nor inquire to which of the Colonel's statements the word "providential" was meant to apply; she agreed, however, to his proposal that they should take tea together at the Kursaal before catching a train to Eastbourne; and thither they repaired.

"Now," said Mrs. Bellairs, with a bewitching smile, when they found themselves presently seated opposite each other in a secluded corner of the Kursaal deck—"now, my dear Colonel, you—can tell me all about it!"

At nine o'clock the same evening, Mr. Algernon Lister and Christabel strolled into the Burlington Hotel and inquired for Colonel Kettlewick. The Colonel was at that moment engaged in a confidential tête-a-tête with Mrs. Bellairs—Mrs. Grange having discreetly sought her own apartment—and, looking up suddenly, beheld Mr. Lister standing in front of him.

"Eh—what?" exclaimed the Colonel, sitting up with a jerk. Mr. Lister smiled easily.

"I have found Christabel, Sir," he remarked. "I thought you would perhaps like to know. . . . She is here—" and turning deftly, he dragged the blushing Christabel from behind a screen into the full light of her guardian's displeasure. "I may say she is heartily ashamed of herself and deplores the trouble she has caused you and me—"

"Nothing of the kind!" broke in Christabel indignantly. "It was all that wretch Algie's fault, uncle. He saw you first, and sent me back to the hotel while he followed you on to the pier, and— But you are not alone?" She stopped in some embarrassment, glancing from the Colonel to the handsome lady seated beside him, who, leaning back in her chair, was regarding the intruders with a faintly amused smile.

"No, by Jove, nor is he," exclaimed Mr. Lister in a stage whisper. "Colonel—you are not alone!"

"D—n it, Sir, I know that!" retorted the Colonel. "This—this is an old friend of mine—Mrs. Bellairs—a lady who has done me the honour to promise to be my wife—"

"Your—! ahem, ahem!" coughed Mr. Lister. "I beg pardon. So sudden." He bowed to Mrs. Bellairs. "A thousand congratulations, Sir," he added. "Really a most happy termination to your—chase!"

"Oh, uncle!" put in Christabel, and with an impulsive movement held out her hand to the elder lady. "I am *so* glad!" she said. "Uncle is an awful dear, though fearfully irresponsible—in most things, you know—"

"Not in this, I hope?" interposed Mrs. Bellairs archly. "He and I are old friends, I must tell you, Miss Kettlewick—"

Christabel blushed violently. "No—Mrs. Lister!" she corrected. "Archie and I were married by special license at Brighton yesterday."

"What!" roared the Colonel, starting up. "Married?"

"That's so, Colonel," admitted Mr. Lister soothingly. "I told you in the steamer that we were no longer engaged, you remember?"

"And you mean to say that Christabel was in Eastbourne all the time?" demanded the Colonel wrathfully.

"It's useless for me to deny it," acknowledged Mr. Lister with a penitent air. "She was at the Grand Hotel, where we are staying. I may also explain that Mrs. Carton's information was correct—Chris and I *did* come over to-day by steamer from Brighton. . . . But we caught the earlier boat, you see. . . . And, by the way, I've brought you that twopenny cigar, Colonel—"

But the Colonel, who happened just then to be enjoying an expensive Havannah, waved aside the proffered gift.

"You are a couple of young lunatics," he exclaimed. "And the sooner you take that pig-farm of yours, Lister, the better! Meantime, my dear boy, oblige me by ordering the waiter to bring us up some more champagne. It is very thirsty weather!"

THE END.

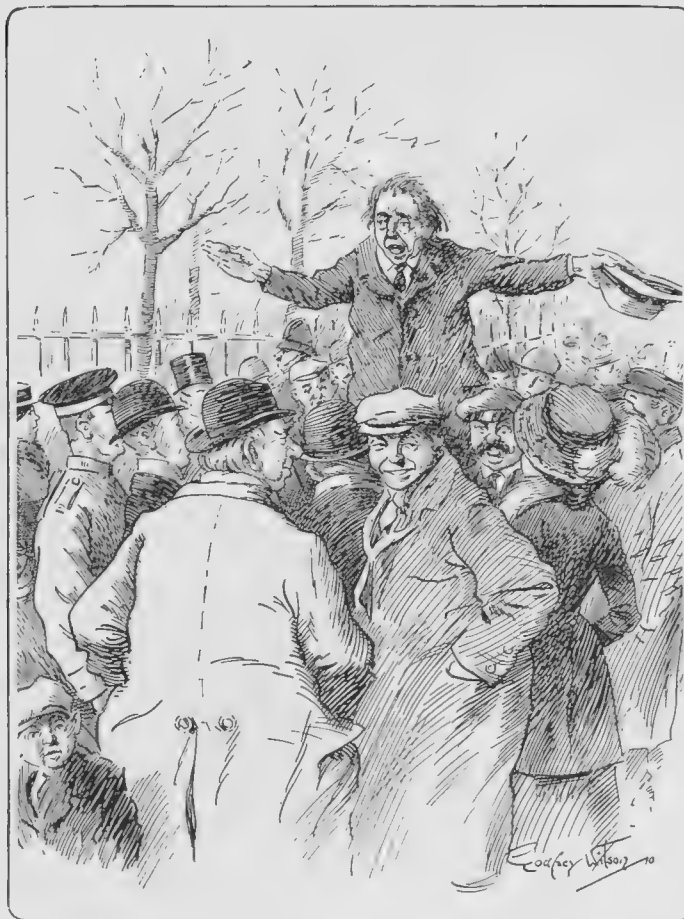
A TRIO.



MR. LUSHINGTON: This 'ere paper calls Mugtown a strong'old o' temperance. W'y, comin' 'ome from work ter-day I passed fourteen public-houses. Wot d'yer call that, eh?

MRS. LUSHINGTON: A miracle!

DRAWN BY ARTHUR GILL.



THE ORATOR: I 'arsk yer! Wot is this life we 'old so dear? Soon I'll be lying with me forefathers.

THE VOICE: An' givin' them points at the game, too!

DRAWN BY GODFREY WILSON.



THE FIRST GOLFER: Yes, my boy, she is a fine girl, and, what's more, she's got brains enough for two.
CHARLES, HIS FRIEND: You ought to marry her, old chap.

DRAWN BY G. L. STAMPA.

PLAYED IN A CASTLE AND A FOREST FOR AN AUDIENCE OF THIRTY.

"PELLÉAS ET MÉLISANDE," AS PERFORMED AT THE ABBAYE OF STE. WANDRILLE.



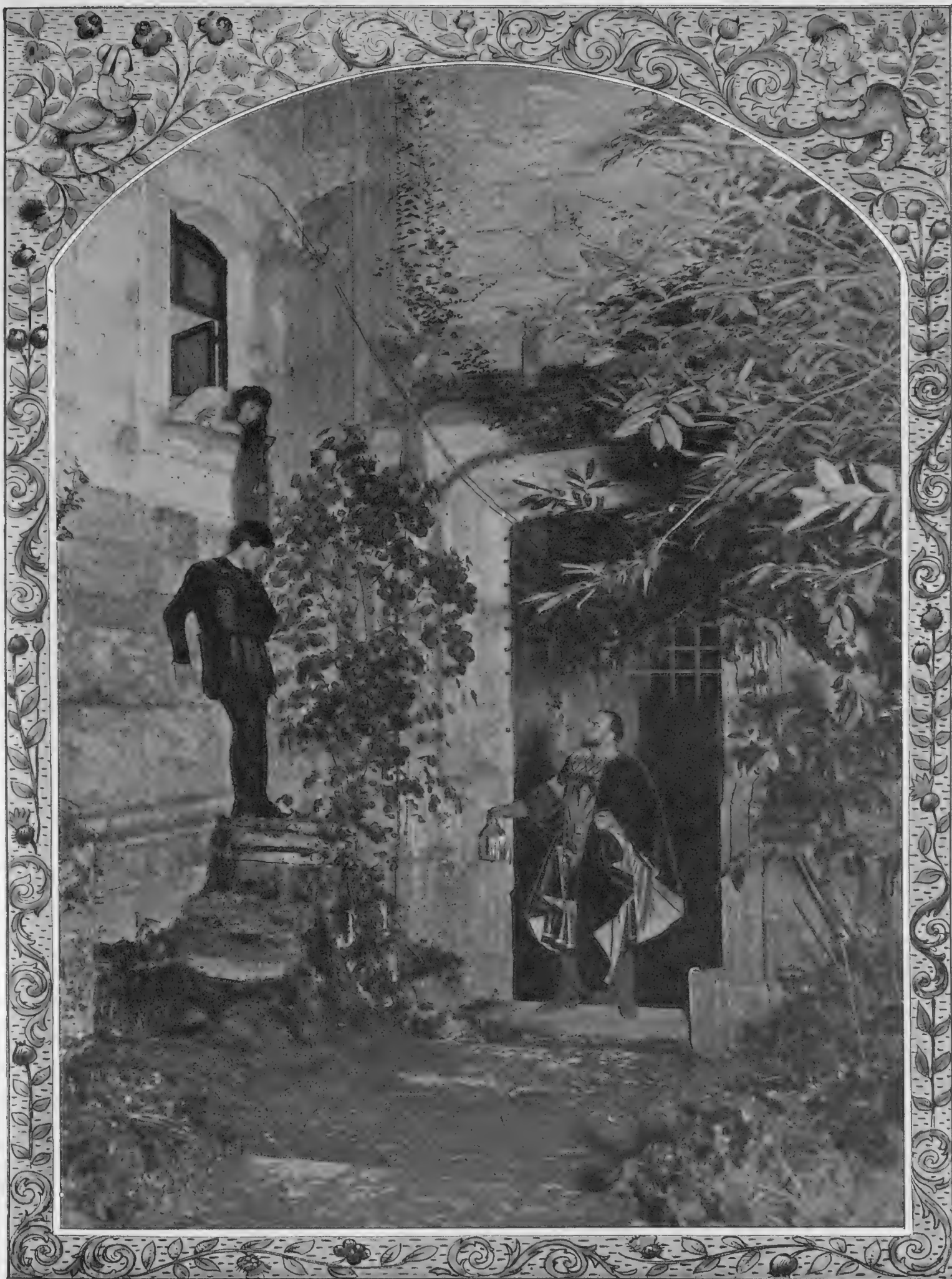
1. MÉLISANDE THROWS THE WEDDING-RING PUT ON HER FINGER BY GOLAUD INTO THE WATER OF A FOUNTAIN, IN THE PRESENCE OF HER LOVER, PELLÉAS.

2. GOLAUD TAXES MÉLISANDE WITH HAVING PELLÉAS AS LOVER, AND DEMANDS TO KNOW THE TRUTH.

Following the idea she herself started last year, when she played Lady Macbeth in her husband's version of Shakespeare's play in the grounds and in the Abbaye of Ste. Wandrille, Mme. Georgette Leblanc has just presented M. Maeterlinck's "Pelléas et Mélisande" in the same manner. The scenes, that is to say, were provided by the grounds of the Abbaye and by the apartments of the Abbaye, the action taking place in the grounds or in the rooms as might be necessary, and the audience following the actors from place to place.—

Photographs by Branger.

A PLAY THAT LITERALLY MOVED ITS AUDIENCE:
 "PELLÉAS ET MÉLISANDE," AS PERFORMED AT THE ABBAYE OF STE. WANDRILLE.

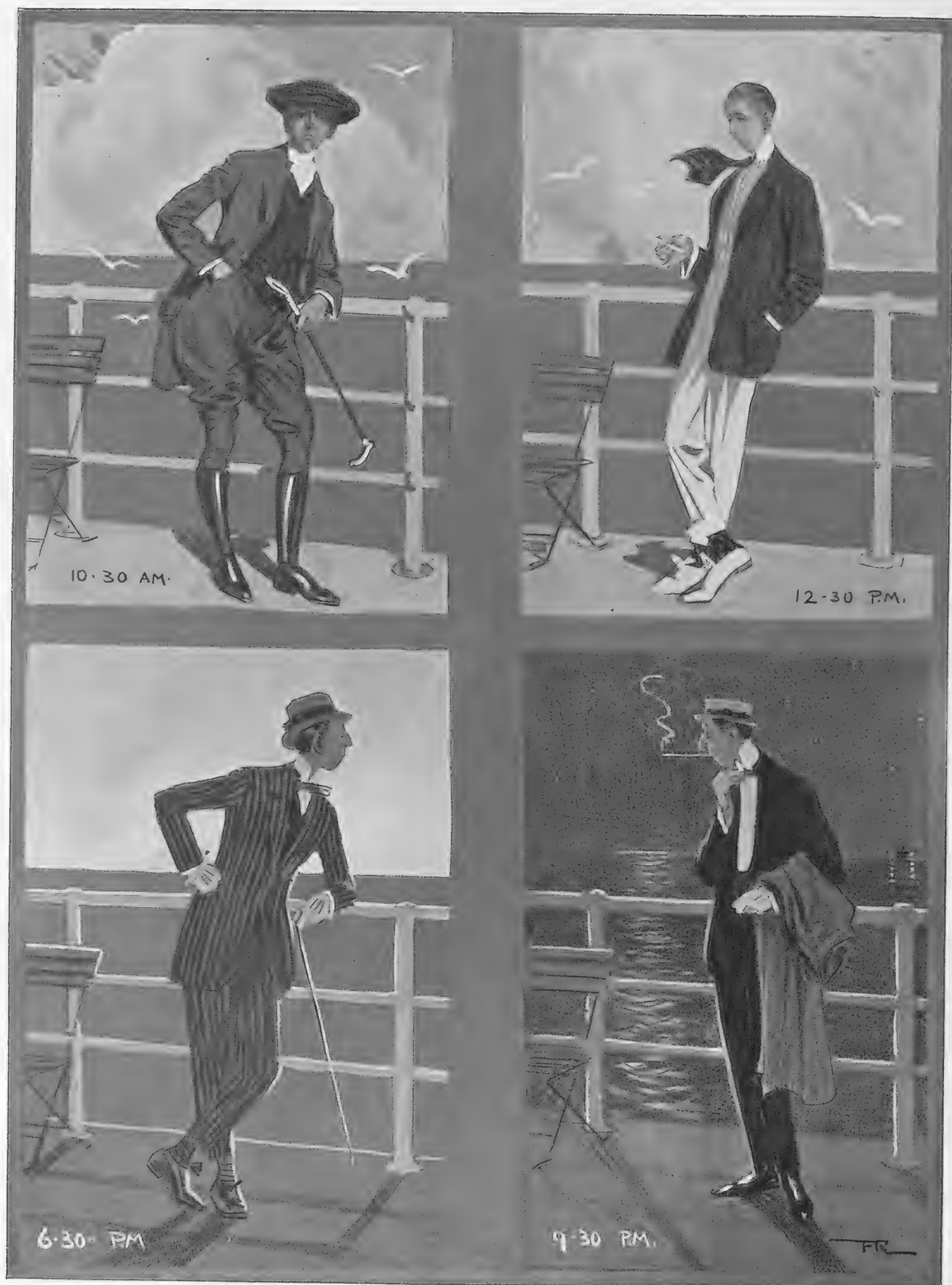


GOLAUD SURPRISES PELLÉAS AND MÉLISANDE WHILE PELLÉAS IS DECLARING HIS LOVE.

—The Abbaye of Ste Wandrille, it should be noted, is the residence of M. and Mme. Maeterlinck. The audience was limited to thirty, and included Mr. McKenna, the First Lord of the Admiralty, and his wife. Each person attending the peripatetic performance paid £8 for the privilege. The money received goes to a charity.

Photograph by Branger.

SUMMER GOODS.



THE PIER BOY - HIS DAY.

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

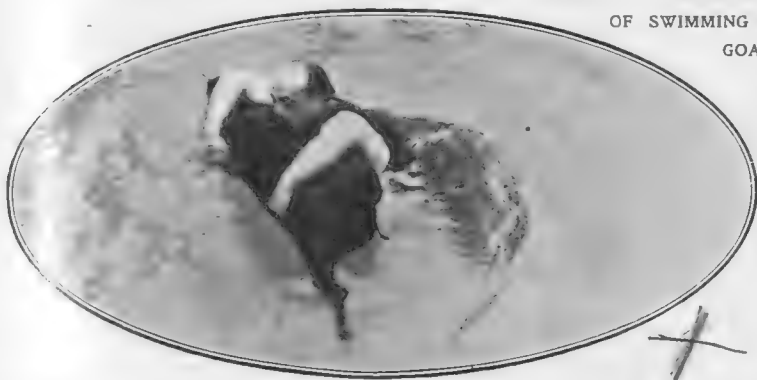
THE COUNTY GENTLEMAN

FOR the moment it is not the farmer who is complaining; the landlord has usurped his function. The farmer has gathered his crops, they are by no means a bad lot, the weather has not proved too unkind, and market prices are satisfactory; but when the landlord comes to look for his share of the harvest, it is not to be found. In other words, the strong partridge covey is conspicuously absent. Of course, we expected as much when the bad rain and cold winds arrived with the last week of June; but in the country one hopes against hope, and is often justified of optimism. There is always the chance that a large number of nests passed unnoticed; that some clutches were too early, or too late, or too well sheltered to feel the full effects of the bad weather; that something may have happened, unknown to us, to improve conditions. There is always the fond hope that the corn hides and shelters plenty of young coveys, which will be well on the wing by the time the self-binder comes along. Alas! for once these hopes have been dashed; the pessimism of the gamekeeper is confirmed. As far as the heavy lands of England are concerned, the supply of partridges is quite poor; doubtless it would have been much worse but for the fact that so much country was very lightly handled last year. I have not seen a covey of more than nine birds within a two-mile radius of my own land, though, of course, it does not follow that there are none

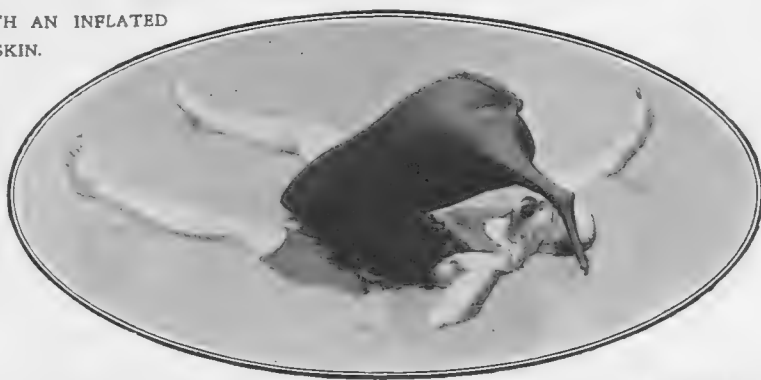
partridges, and at the back-end of winter he can see to it that the old, quarrelsome cock-birds are shot down. Then he must wait almost with folded hands and see what the Clerk of the Weather will do for or against him. If the Clerk were a sportsman all would be well; from the middle of June to the middle of July there would be sunshine all the day, and a few light, warm showers by night; but unfortunately he is nothing of the kind. He sends cold rain to the partridge manor in late June and to the moorlands in August; while when birds are young and helpless he likes to play about among them with hail-stones as big as buckshot. It is not once in five years that he grants us a good breeding-season, and fine days in which to enjoy the fruits thereof. So we go on hoping against hope for the ideal time that so seldom comes, and we look disconsolately upon coveys that should have numbered nearly a score and cannot muster half a dozen, until at last we are tempted to lay the gun aside and vow that there is much to be said for golf; though if we chance to live on the heavy clay lands that have been so bad for the little brown bird, the golf links are not very attractive. If you can't get sand you must have gravel soil for a golf course, and you are left wondering whether it is better to take the gun and try to pick up an old bird or two, or by riding or driving or taking the train, to reach the nearest golf course that can recover quickly from bad weather.



RIDING THE MUSSAK: THE CORRECT METHOD OF SWIMMING WITH AN INFLATED GOAT-SKIN.



PLAYING THE GIDDY GOAT-SKIN: THE WRONG WAY TO RIDE THE MUSSAK.



THE MUSSAK COMES OUT ON TOP: SAD RESULTS OF RIDING IT THE WRONG WAY.

because I have failed to see them. On the other hand, I have seen many barren couples, and a number of small coveys with two, three, or four young birds not too well forward for the time of year. The man who loves partridge-shooting must reflect regretfully that he is face to face with another bad autumn; and in order that 1911 may be better, should the breeding-season be more favourable, he must leave the bulk of his young birds for stock. Present conditions on the heavy lands are quite opposed to "walking up" birds—it would be easy to cut the numbers down too far; only a little driving will be permissible, or at least prudent, and this for the purpose of killing off the old birds; so that when another spring comes round the younger ones may be allowed to rest in peace. Coming after the bad season of 1909, the present disappointment is hard to bear.

It is rather curious that the labours of the gamekeeper should suffice to raise a huge head of pheasants in almost any year and under the most adverse conditions, the pheasant being an imported bird; while for the partridge, which is indigenous, game-preserving can do little or nothing. To clear the ground and the air of vermin, to guard against drought, to keep the land quiet and undisturbed, this is as much as the most devoted keeper can do for his



WATER-TRANSPORT EXTRAORDINARY: AN INDIAN METHOD OF USING THE MUSSAK TO CARRY BAGGAGE. Mr. H. R. Austin, the Beckenham swimming expert (seen in all four photographs), recently gave a demonstration of the right and wrong way to ride a mussak, or inflated goat-skin, of the kind much used by Indians. The goat's body is extracted without injuring the hide, the skin of one leg being left complete, with a valve attached to the end for inflating. The inflated skin is so buoyant that it quickly overthrows a novice who tries to ride it the wrong way. For carrying baggage on it Indians use the method shown in the lower photograph. One swimmer by himself could not carry weight on a mussak, as he would be top-heavy and over-urn.—[Photographs by Charles Clarke.]

Small wonder, under these circumstances, if at the present moment the man who rents or owns the shooting is less cheerful than he who farms the land, or that golf is more favourably regarded than any other pastime. To make matters worse, we are safe to hear of fair or even good sport from friends who are shooting on light soil that dries easily after rain and keeps warm, and it is only human to be stirred to discontent by these stories when our own immediate surroundings are so far removed from promise. Game-raising on heavy lands is ever a matter of difficulty, and it is on this account that shooting-rents are comparatively low on the clay soils. Something, but not very much, can be done to improve the partridge stock by importing eggs from another part of the country and so crossing the birds, by hand-rearing a few score well away from house or outbuildings, and by buying birds at the end of the summer from the Continental game-farms; but none of these expedients will do very much. Hand-reared and imported birds fall an easy prey to vermin, and if June goes out, as she did this year, in the company of cold wind and driving rain, it will not matter where the partridge-eggs come from. The chicks will go along the same road as those that have been hatched from eggs laid on the land.

MARK OVER.



By HENRY LEACH.

A Golfer's House Party.

For an intoxication by golfing delight give me the house-party of keen golfers assembled under the roof of one of them, with a kindly and most sympathetic hostess. The idea seems obvious enough, and yet the golfing house-party is not such a recognised institution as it should be. Men who play seem to think it the easiest way to a tolerably good time to glide away with a friend or two to some seaside place and put themselves up at a good hotel. I think that that is because the house-party is so frequently a failure, and it is so because it is not organised with sufficient thought and consideration, and is not managed with proper tact and skill. Just now it is the good season for the house-party, and I have had the happy fortune to be included in two or three than which none has ever been more enjoyable, and have therefore considered the causes and made some safe deductions. It is of the essence of the situation, of course, that there should be the best possible understanding among all the males of the party, one that has been matured by several seasons of play together; but it is not necessary, or even desirable, that there should be any equality in their handicaps. I would settle it that the number of the males should be five, or an odd number, anyhow. At the first thought, that is incomprehensible to you; but by reflection the truth will be realised that in these little affairs, however well managed, however mutually understanding and sympathetic the company, there is, after the first day or two, nearly always one man who wishes to do differently from the others, and if you depend on four for foursomes, and have only four at hand, this is the dickens. It is not always the same man, and, whoever it is, it must not be set against him for crankiness. It is simply human nature, and the eternally troublesome digestion and liver. On Monday Q thinks he has a pain in his back and would like to stand out; on Tuesday K decides that he must have a rest, as he played so badly the day before; on Wednesday V is almost sure that the overnight champagne disagreed with him; and on Thursday X is staggered at the sudden idea that the girls are being neglected. So five it must be.

The Gentle Minority.

The girls, as just mentioned, should be few and good. It is clearly quality and not quantity that is demanded in this department. Remember that a house-party of golfers is not an ordinary social affair at which the ladies are to be regarded as supreme. It must stand or fall upon its golf. So we

see it to be essential that the ladies must be very few. The best authorities have decided that the number should be two—the hostess and one other—and that they should either not be golfers at all, or should be very bad ones, and entirely indifferent to the great game. What I am getting at is, that there must be no possibility of their interfering in any way at all, and yet they should listen as quietly and intelligently as possible to the interesting golf conversation that takes place at the dinner-table. Their attitude should be sympathetic always, and when the men come home after a hard day on the links they should beam with pleasure, and should make almost affectionate inquiries of each as to how he has been playing. They should not mind if the men at the dinner-table seem to talk overmuch of stymies and half-irons and rubber cores; nor should they express any desire to accompany these earnest golfers on their next day's expedition. To be a success the house-party should be assembled in some country place with three or four fair to good courses within tolerably easy reach. Variety, of course, is necessary at such times, as is also a good motor-car, without which the party does not properly develop the idea of being the homogeneous whole.

Home Diversions. It will be found that some special home diversions with a flavour of the golf about them are needed. I was at a place lately where a man set up a pitching competition over the house, the object being to land the ball on a particular patch of garden; but this competition was suspended owing to damage done to the windows and a slight injury to one of the domestic servants. Pitching

for pennies into a bucket is most excellent. You procure an ordinary bucket from the scullery, and a fibre doormat, which you place ten or fifteen yards from it, or something like that. Then, with your niblick or mashie, you try to pitch a ball from the mat into the bucket. You place a penny in the bucket beforehand for each shot that you make, and the first one to hole out takes all the pennies. I once saw this done at a shilling a time instead of a penny, and with nearly a fiver in the bucket, the range being twenty-five yards, it was quite exciting. For a non-bridge evening, an excellent stroke competition may be made by teeing up in one of the top-floor bedrooms and holing out on a plate on the dining-room floor. The plate ought to rest on a woolly rug, or the ball never will be holed. More ingenuity and skill are needed in a competition of this kind than most people suspect.



THE NEW AMATEUR GOLF CHAMPION OF SWITZERLAND: LORD LURGAN.

The new amateur golf champion of Switzerland is William Brownlow, third Baron Lurgan. He was born in 1858, and succeeded to the title in 1882. Formerly he was in the Grenadier Guards. For ten years he was State Steward to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. His wife is a daughter of the fifth Earl Cadogan.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.



GOLF AMIDST THE OLIVE-LADEN HILLS: THE SAN REMO LINKS—THE FIRST GREEN AND THE CLUB HOUSE. The course, which has nine holes, is quite sporting. It is situated in a beautiful valley, at Arma di Taggia, fifteen minutes by rail from San Remo.—(Photographs by Sport and General.)

THE WHEEL AND THE WING

The Isle of Man Race Project.

Unofficially, but not less credibly, one hears that the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders was not inspired by any particular anti-racing motives in refusing their support to the R.A.C. project of holding a race in the Isle of Man next year, but merely wished to convey to the latter body their view that any such project was outside the scope of a purely trade society, concerned only with matters directly affecting the trade, and was, on the other hand, clearly the business of the R.A.C. alone, as the recognised society of encouragement. It is unfortunate that this view was not more definitely expressed, so as to avoid the natural misconception that has occurred. But its propriety cannot well be questioned, for, had the S.M.M.T. accorded its support, that would have carried with it the implication, almost the obligation, of individual support on the part of its members, whether the latter could afford to race, or cared to do so, or not. The misunderstanding is thus well cleared up; but the incident not only justifies the freely expressed belief that the action of the R.A.C. in consulting the S.M.M.T. on the matter was weak and uncalled for, but also illustrates the political wisdom of the unofficial conference before official action is taken.

A French Theory of Road-Racing.

At any rate, whatever be the fate of the Manx race-project during the next twelvemonth—and the outlook, some say, is better than ever—the probability is that the R.A.C., who would manage it, would, as in the case of the instructive "Four-Inch" race, have a clearer conception than the French trade appears to possess of the real purpose of road-racing or any other form of trial. Its object may be briefly summarised as the improvement of the normal chassis by subjecting it to abnormal strains and stresses, on a basis of mutual equality, for the sake of the competitive element, so that its comparative defects may thereby be more easily detected and eliminated in future models. The French idea, on the other hand—if one may judge from their entries in the Voiturette Grand Prix, which is to be run on the Boulogne Circuit next Sunday week—is to compete with the utterly abnormal monocylindric freak of enormous power, which no one would dream of using—even if such use were possible—for the ordinary purposes of a light car; and thus, while gambling on a chance victory for a cheap advertisement, to defeat the whole object of racing and rob it of whatever advantages it may have.

French and British Entries.

Examining the entries to date, one sees the three Lion-Peugeots with single-cylinder motors of 100 mm. bore and 250 mm. stroke; the single Corre La Licorne, with a De Dion motor of the same measurement; the Hispano-Suiza team, each with four gas-pipe cylinders of 66 mm. bore and 200 mm. stroke; and the De Bazelaire car, with much such another freak motor. Contrasting

these with the team of three Calthorpes, which, from all that can be learnt, are absolutely normal chassis, all that can be said is that the British motor industry will be well represented by cars that will afford a significant contrast of genuine merit, than which there could be no better advertisement, win or lose. At any rate, the success of the Calthorpes on the score of regular running—which won them the Gordon-Bennett Cup last year—seems certain to be repeated this time. Even their victory in the Grand Prix itself is by no means out of the question on that score alone; especially if the rumour be correct that they are really much better than last year's models. One hears, too, that a certain Coventry firm will also be represented by a single car.

A Paris-Bordeaux Aeroplane Race.

There is nothing like backing a sound opinion boldly, even though no one else shares it. Six months ago *L'Auto* proposed a cross-country aeroplane race from Paris to Bordeaux. Had Georges Prade still been at its helm, that suggestion would have been pushed for all it was worth, whether development justified it or not, and carried out at the first favourable opportunity. As it was, it was allowed to drop. Then

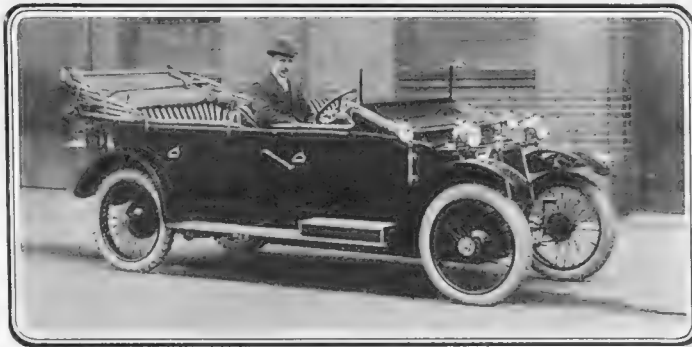
came *Le Matin* with its Circuit de l'Est, which resulted, as we know, in a triumph for the monoplane—as well as for topographical knowledge gained from motor-touring—and a fine race on the whole, albeit a duel of which the result had been discounted beforehand. Now the directors of *L'Auto*, realising their mistake, re-announce a Paris-Bordeaux race—for next year, when the brilliance of the original idea will be dulled, not to say lost, in the crowd of such events. Still, the classic nature of the route awheel should ensure it some success aloft, if only for sentiment's sake.

Lieutenant Dunne's Boomerang Biplane.

However, as Edison remarked the other day, aviation results are still 75 per cent. man and 25 per cent. machine—or even less on the latter score—and until that percentage be reversed, we cannot

truthfully claim much trustworthiness, as understood of motorists, for the best of aeroplanes, even if, which is doubtful, they persist as permanent types. Up to the present, Lieutenant Dunne's boomerang-shaped biplane is apparently the only automatically stable machine in the world; and the week before last he proved it to be the only one capable of variable speed in existence, by the mere throttling of the motor down to the lowest, and "opening it up" again. In this

way, just as you might stop and restart a car on the road, he made about a dozen descents from an altitude of only thirty feet without touching the levers, landing fairly without the slightest tendency to a perpendicular fall, and rising again merely by opening the throttle. Achieved as all this was in a fairly strong breeze, it was a greater triumph for flight-development in general than even a dozen cross-Channel or five-passenger-carrying flights.



THE FIRST BONNETLESS CAR: THE 1911 28-H.P. LANCHESTER TORPEDO PHAETON.

This Lanchester torpedo phaeton of next year's model has just been supplied to a client by Norman Hirst's Garage at Leeds.



PACED BY MOTOR-CYCLES: A PAIR OF CYCLE-RACERS AT WORK IN AMERICA.

Photograph by General Illustrations Agency.

CRACKS OF THE WHIP

By CAPTAIN COE.

The St. Leger. It is curious how some of the more important races have a habit of "drying up." The St. Leger, which is to be decided to-day, is an illuminating example. The strenuous battles fought by Lemberg and Neil



THE NEW COUNTY STAND: THE FORE-COURT, WITH THE WING CONTAINING THE NEW PRIVATE LUNCHEON-ROOMS.

Gow at Newmarket and Sandown this year caused to-day's race to be looked forward to with unwonted interest, and tongues and pens were constantly referring to the one great topic of the early autumn campaign. True to his habit, Neil Gow sprang a sensation, and one of the chief figures in the drama had to be removed. Charles O'Malley seemed likely to develop into a fighting chance, but he too succumbed. Racing at York showed up the weakness of Greenback, who had been coughing; so that we were thrown back on to the Derby winner, who became a very warm favourite from the beginning of last week; and on the Liverpool Cup winner, Swynford, about whom Newmarket men of observation have not been able to wax enthusiastic enough. Epsom and Ascot running shows Lemberg to be vastly superior to Swynford, but there were reasons—not excuses, mind you—for the poor running of the Newmarket horse, who had not been seriously trained up to that period; and he has improved so rapidly since June that the good opinion formed of him has solid foundation. Whether that improvement has been more in proportion than that made by his Manton opponent has to be demonstrated in public. Of the fillies that are to compete, Rosedrop and Winkipop are the most prominent candidates. My selection for the race appears on another page.

The King. The Turf this year has suffered both from a social and sporting point of view through the Court mourning for King Edward VII., but with that period over, things will bricken up all round, and it is a matter for congratulation that King George is carrying on the Sandringham Stud, and that he has caused several of the yearlings and foals reared there to be entered for the principal races of the next few years. These, together with some of the horses owned by his father and now leased to Lord Derby, will bear the royal colours next summer; and although they will not be carried in the classic races of 1911 (unless his Majesty purchase or lease horses for that purpose—which, however, is hardly likely), there will be plenty of opportunities to cheer the royal thoroughbreds. Ascot will once more be the brilliant function of the days of King Edward; and the same applies to Goodwood, where a new race in honour of the Accession of his Majesty will be run. It will be called the King George Stakes. Several of the yearlings that have lately been sent from Sandringham to Egerton House, to be trained by Richard Marsh, have been nominated for events to be run next year, and for the Derby and Oaks of the following year, and three foals have been entered for the Eclipse Stakes of 1913—all of which goes to show that King George intends giving the Turf the same powerful support that was

extended to it by our late King. For the Derby of 1912 the royal nominations are five in number, all colts, and the breeding is more varied than used to be the case with horses from Sandringham. Two are by Florizel II.—from Loch Doon and Guinea Hen; and the others are by Thrush—Laodamia, by Volodyovski—Runaway Match, and by Lord Bobs—Mirabelle. For the Oaks of that year his Majesty has named fillies by Flying Fox—April Princess, by Florizel II.—Sweet Vernal, and by Martagon—Mundon. In the St. Leger of 1912 he has the following animals engaged: colt by Florizel II.—Loch Doon, colt by Florizel II.—Guinea Hen, colt by Thrush—Laodamia, and filly by Florizel II.—Sweet Vernal. It would be tremendously popular were the King to win the first Derby in which he was represented; there would be a repetition of the Persimmon and Minoru scenes.

The Best Guide. There has been an inclination this year, and it has steadily grown, amongst racegoers of all denominations to have a tilt at things generally on the Turf. The handicapper—to whom I referred last week—the starter and the method of starting, and the jockey have all come in for criticism. Amongst other things, we are told that the starting was never so bad, that the starter is not given sufficient power, that he has little or no control over the jockeys, and that there never were so few competent riders. Amidst all this generalisation there may be some truth. There have been cases of jockeys throwing races away through over-confidence, but this fault is not confined to this particular year. It is a fact that all jockeys in all ages have been caught napping at some time or other, no matter how clever or how clumsy they were or are; but to condemn them all round as a poor lot is too sweeping. As regards the starting, the standing start may not be the ideal method from which to send the horses off, but it cannot be disputed that the starting nowadays is infinitely superior to that of the days of the flag, when it was a very rare thing to see horses dispatched on level terms, whereas nowadays it is the exception to see them otherwise. In spite of all this talk about bad riding and bad starting, the best guide to finding winners is form. Which seems to point to the fact that the existing state of things cannot be so utterly bad as some would have us believe. Seven races out of ten are won by horses whose previous form pointed to their



THE NEW WEIGHING-ROOM, WHICH INCLUDES A JOCKEYS' CHANGING-ROOM, ROOMS FOR THE STEWARDS AND THE CLERK OF THE COURSE, AND AN AMBULANCE-ROOM.



THE NEW COUNTY STAND: THE ENTRANCE.
FOR SPORTING YORKSHIRE: IMPROVEMENTS AT YORK.

Photographs by Lane-Smith.

probable success, which is a wonderful average, considering the many accidents inseparable from such a sport as racing horses.

Captain Coe's "Monday Tips" will be found on our "City Notes" page.

WOMAN'S WAYS

BY ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

A Man in the Ether.

through the tall, shivering poplars, there suddenly quivers and swoops a long, dark object which you would take—if it were not



A DAINY BLOUSE OF FINE LACE
AND PLEATED NINON.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-Out-of-Town" page.)

is a Man in the Ether. It is an amazing spectacle, seen from this opposite shore. No performance, however wonderful, in an aerodrome could give you quite the thrill which is aroused by this little quivering speck in the wide, white sky, with the sea swaying placidly, indifferently, below.

French and English Gardens.

On this green northern coast of France gardens are a hobby, for flowers grow with extraordinary luxuriance, and have, owing to the clearer atmosphere, an even more brilliant colour than in England. To fastidious tastes, the French are too fond of the red geranium—a rather "obvious" flower, which achieves a rapid and ready-made effect—ever to have a perfect garden, while the yellow calceolaria (long since banished from all tasteful pleasaunces in our country) is here a stand-by. Then, too, they are old-fashionedly formal, in the good old mid-Victorian fashion, in the way they arrange their flower-beds in circles of colour; while in the gardens which are most in favour there is a profusion that might almost be called ostentatious. Thus, there is a much-talked-of garden at Deauville which resembles a nursery-garden, so crammed is it with every coloured flower in large and defiant masses of colour. The beds and parterres are a challenge, a demonstration, instead of a pleasing vision on which to linger lovingly. They hit you in the eye, so to speak, instead of twining themselves round your heart, as a properly sown flower-bed should. In all this, however, we see the usual contrast between the Latin and the Anglo-Saxon character. They show their love of symmetry, of form, of order, even in a mass of geraniums; we exhibit our fancy, our individualism, our love of nature, in the way we let our blossoms stand apart, each for itself, a symbol of our national idiosyncrasy.

The Inn of William the Conqueror.

There is an inn at Dives, near Cabourg, dating from the fifteenth century, which has had a singular and romantic history, ending up, as all European antiquities must, by being appropriated by American multi-millionaires. L'Hôtel de Guillaume le Conquerant stands,

in effect, on the spot where William made his boats for the invasion of England, and you can see the barn he used, now transformed into a room, with the names and arms of all his knights—a brief list of the Norman-English aristocracy—painted on the walls. This picturesque inn courtyard, in which, some fifteen years ago, Normandy peasants hitched up their carts and sat down at wooden tables to eat their bread-and-cheese and drink their cider, while fowls skir-mished round their feet, is now an over-decorated, over-ornamented open-air café, with white-painted alcoves for dinners and déjeuners, the whole smothered in pink geraniums, statues, fountains, pictures by celebrated artists, saints in coloured plaster—I know not what of bizarre and incongruous. To this curious restaurant the American multi-millionaire invites you to lunch or dine (nobody else can afford the prices), and there do congregate all the modish folk from roundabouts—the beauties from Deauville, the *gommeux* from Paris, the kings in exile, both European and American copper or railroad potentates on a holiday, and deposed monarchs waiting their chance to go back: all those who gather along this Normandy coast in the month of August. It is a curiously modern spectacle.

How to Live on 'Antiquities.

I wonder how many people would ever go to the quaint town of Bayeux if it were not for Queen Matilda's crewel-work tapestries representing the Norman Conquest? This celebrated Queen—whose Abbaye des Dames at Caen alone would ensure her immortality while stones endure—must have been a person with a nice sense of humour. Whether she designed these "tapestries" herself I know not, but it is an historical fact that she worked at them with her own hands, and the royal consort of William must have been consumed with mirth as she did so. For they are frankly funny, naïve in drawing and expression, and even the dead knights, who form a kind of ornamental border at the Battle of Hastings, have a unique and comic appearance. The strip which represents the appearance of Halley's Comet in 1066 took my fancy especially, so lifelike were the expression and the gestures of the soldiers who saw and marvelled. So Bayeux, remote and gathered about her grey stones and her grey houses for most of the year, in the summer season blushes forth as a great attraction. They are wise towns indeed who cling to their rightful antiquities. In the Middle Ages the bodies of deceased saints were dismembered with pious ferocity for much the same reason; every town or monastery wanted a "relic"—it only a little toe or a tooth—to attract pilgrimages to their shrine. To-day we only make long journeys in the cause of art; the Turners bring foreigners to London who would not otherwise cross the Channel, and we all go willingly to Dresden or Madrid to study Holbeins and Velasquez which we cannot see at home. The antiquity, properly treated and advertised, is a sure and comfortable source of income to a community.



AN AUTUMN WALKING-COSTUME,
IN THE PRINCESS STYLE, WITH
DOUBLE SKIRT AND TRIMMED WITH
RUSSIAN BRAID.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-Out-of-Town" page.)

THE WOMAN OUT OF TOWN

The Nut-Brown Maids.

The fashionable autumn complexion is now with us up here in the Highlands. Everyone has taken on the stain of the wind and sun, with the smooth, satiny surface imparted by regular ablutions in soft water filtered through the peat, and by impromptu washes-down in rain-storms. Some women wear, with great inconvenience to themselves, thick veils and wide-brimmed hats, because they dislike getting brown; but the nut-brown maids hold sway. One result very pleasing to them is that they can wear colours which are quite impossible for them in town. Consequently there is a great breaking-out into bright, warm tints as far as ties, ribbons, and hats are concerned. One lady mildly mourns a terra-cotta coat and skirt swapped to a friend for a blue-grey one. She would have looked so well in it now, and blue-grey does not go well with her tanned face. Where those who protect their countenances score is at dinner, when they have no decapitation mark between neck and chest.

Nothing Like Leather.

We elect now to wear leather on both extremities, for leather hats are nearly as general in the Highlands as leather boots. I have seen them all shapes and all colours, becoming and unbecoming, practical and unpractical, secured with hat-pins headed in all manner of queer ways. One worn by a very pretty lady the other day was golden-brown suède. The pins—there were four of them—were clear tortoiseshell, and in the event of an accident to the luncheon-basket, could have served as cheese-plates. They quite trimmed the hat. Another cap I saw was rose-coloured suède (worn with a dark, well-cut tweed skirt and a knitted white coat) secured with two rose-coloured enamel-headed pins. The wearer was Lady Victoria Bentinck, who won the visitor's prize for the best score that day, and who plays a fine long game and a very pretty one, but evidently finds putting a bore and a thing not to lose time over. A very dark and handsome woman, with her skin at its mellowest from healthy exercise and exposure, had a deep garnet-red hat of leather. The brim was turned back from the face, and the hat-pins were clusters of red breast-feathers. The rivals to leather headgear up here are toques and hats made of breast-feathers. They are all right in rain, don't catch the wind, and have one great pull over leather—their lightness, and the comfortable way in which they sit down over the hair. They are excellent under a motor-veil. Next season more of them will be requisitioned for the Highlands.

Quiet and Happy Holiday.

The Duchess of Connaught and Princess Patricia were last week at a happy haunt of theirs, Elie, a seaside resort on the coast of Fife. They stayed at the hotel, and they dined at table d'hôte. They played golf on the 18-hole links, particularly fine ones, and they motored through the picturesque glens—they call them dens thereabouts—on the fine properties of the Earls of Crawford and Lindsay. The Duchess of Connaught is said to be most particular about etiquette, and about keeping up the dignity of her position. It is natural that she should be so, being the first cousin of the German Emperor, who so boldly claims the Divine Right to rule. Her Royal Highness is most simple in her tastes and in her manner. She is a clever pianist, but now much prefers to interpret by mechanical means. She loves angling and golfing, and for dress cares not a jot. She is a rich woman, being the elder child of the Red Prince, brother of the Emperor William I.; but she is a careful woman, too, her personal expenditure being anything but extravagant. When their Royal Highnesses go to Canada, they will have a fitting establishment there. They took sixty servants to Malta. What the Duchess will think of the independent manners of the Canadian ladies I don't know. The Countess of Aberdeen was delighted with them!

An Amusing Minister.

The Right Hon. David Lloyd George, the best-abused Minister in the Cabinet, is, in his private capacity as mere man, a wonderfully pleasant companion. He follows the Prime Minister at Balmoral for a week's attendance on the King, who will doubtless have a taste of his quality. He is witty, original, merry. A friend of mine was a member of a motoring party of which he was one. She is a Tory,

and, being a woman, a rabid one; every feeling she had was against the Chancellor of the Exchequer, but, she said, a more delightful man she never met. "I positively ache," she said, "to get him on our side." Methinks he did something towards making her a Liberal!

Happy Schooldays.

The pleasure of life to school-children lies largely in their clothes, especially if they are girl children. It is, to use an Americanism, up against mothers to consider this thing, and to send both boys and girls back to school secure against criticism, and contented in their minds about their outfit. A way to do so is to consult the special catalogues, "Young Ladies' Fashions" and "The Boy and How to Clothe Him," issued by Peter Robinson, Oxford Street (which are sent anywhere post free) for the benefit of those who want to fit out their girls and boys for their return to school in a way to make Black Monday one of pleasant anticipation.

Sweet and Fresh.

It is a sign of the times that heavy, pungent perfumes are rejected, and that we love the refined and delicate, haunting, lasting essence called Rhine Violets, which is one of the triumphs of Messrs. Mulhens, of 4711 Eau de Cologne fame and can be had from any chemist or stores.

Far and Wide.

To see on all sides is a delightful thing, and one to be secured by the use of Prism Binoculars of English manufacture throughout, such as those highly satisfactory instruments supplied by Messrs. Aitchison and Co., of 428, Strand, each one of which is sent to the British Government Laboratory at Kew to be verified. These instruments have an unsurpassed magnifying power, and the binoculars made by Messrs. Aitchison are of absolutely original design. They are

acclaimed in every part of the world and in all climates as most praiseworthy, being fitted with Aitchison's patent variable Iris diaphragms, enabling the users to obtain the best results under all conditions of light.



A HANDSOME SET OF PRESENTATION PLATE: A JUG AND BEAKERS OF SOLID GOLD.

This beautiful set of a solid gold jug and six beakers was presented recently to a Continental magnate. The design is exquisitely chased in mediæval style. The set was designed and made by Messrs. Mappin and Webb, of 220, Regent Street, W.; 158-162, Oxford Street, W.; 2, Queen Victoria Street, E.C., and Sheffield.

in use are the "Grande Source" and the "Source Salée," the only Vittel springs declared by the French Government to be of "public utility." The waters are very mild and beneficial. Amusements include a casino, racecourse, golf links, a lawn-tennis ground, and a fencing-school, while the pretty country round offers many attractions for walks and drives. Those unable to make the journey can obtain the water, in bottles, from hotels, stores, and chemists.

Nearly a hundred years ago Messrs. Whitmore and Bayley started business in the City of London, as importers of Havana produce, and in those days, besides Havana cigars, there was a large importation of sponges and leeches. Times have altered since then, and they now confine themselves to the Havana cigar trade. They have occupied their premises at St. Michael's House, Cornhill, some fifty years. Now, Messrs. Whitmore and Bayley find that the exigencies of business demand that they also have an establishment in the West End, to suit the convenience of their customers. They have therefore opened premises in the Norwich Union Buildings, at the corner of St. James' Street and Piccadilly.

Lest our readers should think we are not up to date in our theatrical news, we should like to mention that "The Literary Lounger" page, containing portraits of Mr. Cecil Raleigh and a note as to his new *Dreadnought* drama, had gone to press before Mr. Arthur Collins announced his decision to keep "The Whip" on at Drury Lane until Christmas. Consequently our note does not give the latest information on the subject. "The Whip" has been so successful, having beaten all Drury Lane records, both in number of performances and money taken, that it will hold the boards until the pantomime is put on. The new *Dreadnought* drama by Cecil Raleigh and Henry Hamilton, at present nicknamed "H.M.S. *Unbustable*," will open the spring season. Among the actresses engaged for it is Lady de Bathe (Lily Langtry that was). At the anniversary performance of "The Whip" on Friday several of the leading jockeys (Maher, Wootton, Dillon, Martin, and the two Griggs) will ride in the race on the stage.

CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

The Next Settlement begins on Sept. 13.

THAT BANK RATE.

LET us have it up, and get the matter over for the time being. Because, of course, if the Rate rises to $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., there will be constant alarms until it reaches 4 per cent. Money looks rather like being a nuisance this autumn, and a further fall in gilt-edged stocks is quite on the cards. Consol-dealers speak frankly of the probability of India Government stocks moving down on to a 4 per cent basis of yield, and this would mean Consols being levelled to the neighbourhood of 75. All through this so-called summer, while money has been so plentiful and cheap, Consols never showed a bullish kick, and with the approach of the autumn-tightening in Lombard Street, the chances of revival are gloomier than ever. There is, however, one Mark Tapley left in Capel Court: "Consols fell steadily when money was cheap," he argued; "and what we want to make Consols better is really dear money!"

HAMPERED HOME RAILS.

Labour difficulties do not seem likely to diminish on the principal Home Railway lines. In fact, they appear to be considerably on the increase, and no sooner is one dispute settled than another comes along to make matters worse. It is no wonder that investors and speculators alike are tired of the market, and that prices tend to go back on the smallest excuse. There is, all the same, a steady flow of purchases going on for account of the small buyer, who is prepared to risk labour troubles in order that he may draw $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. on his money from a security whose operations go on beneath his very eyes. We published a fortnight ago a catalogue of pros and cons in respect to Home Rails, and the former certainly outweighed the latter, so that for the subsequent rise in prices it was easy to find justification. However, the boilermakers and the shipbuilders are at loggerheads again, masters and men; so down go the hapless Home Rails, and the investor is driven away for fear of what may or may not come next.

THE CANADIAN CROPS.

While the pessimistic prophecies of June concerning the Canadian crops are not going to be fulfilled, it is equally certain that the optimisms of last spring will also fail of materialisation. In sooth, the harvest has been somewhat of a disappointment. Letters from the "grain belt" say little, but they are greyish-hued in tendency, and the chief cheerfulness of them is directed to what may be expected from the crop next year. Meanwhile, however, the crop of 1910 is good enough to give the railways plenty of work, and traffics are excellent, both on the Canadian Pacific and the Grand Trunk. The argument is perfectly valid which contends that the directors of the Canadian Pacific would not have raised the dividend unless they felt pretty secure about being able to keep it up, and there is an amusing impression that the C.P.R. board are bent upon getting the common stock of their Company upon the same basis as that of the Union Pacific Railroad—namely, 10 per cent. In a reasonably good market, Canadas can be trusted to go over 200; but so long as Yankees are depressed and their outlook hazy, the Canadian shares are bound to feel it. Grand Trunks are not nearly such good holding as Canadian Pacifics. While still a tip to buy, in the Stock Exchange, the prospects are admittedly obscure, and the purchaser of to-day will run the risk of having to sit on his stock for a long time before there accrues any profit worth taking.

MEXICAN RAILS.

If Mexican Railway Ordinary stock is going to have a dividend declared upon it at the end of this month, then one of the cheapest stocks in the whole of the House is Mexican—Seconds. They stand at a point or two over 90. The amount of the whole issue is a bagatelle. The dividend to which they are entitled is 6 per cent. At 90, ex dividend, the return to a buyer would be $6\frac{2}{3}$ per cent. on the money. That is not a bad yield, in view of the prospects of the Railway industry in Mexico—a country which it is the ambition of the United States to open out very considerably. At present Mexican Railway Second Preference is a distinctly speculative stock. The 8 per Cent. First Preference at 137 looks cheaper, all things considered, because it must go to 150 at least when the Ordinary stock receives a dividend. But Seconds may touch par first, and, in the circumstances, we should give our first preference to the Second for a good speculative investment.

OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

The broker leant back in his chair and regarded his client with an air of tender solicitude.

Clients' visits in the early part of September are like those of the angels.

"You will lunch with me here, won't you? I can't get out to-day. My partners are all away."

"Thank you, I shall be very pleased. But how—"

The broker touched a button on the buzzer in front of him.

"Let Mr. Smith know," he telephoned, "that I have a gentleman lunching in the private room, and tell him to order something nice. Good-bye." And the buzzer clicked sharply as the broker

replaced the receiver. "And how do you find things in the North?"

"They're all very keen on Textiles in our part," replied Our Stroller. "I was thinking of having a few English Sewing Cottons if I can get them cheap. I feel sure they will go better. Have you heard the price to-day?"

The broker put out his hand and ran the "Tape" rapidly through his fingers.

"They come out forty-six shillings, middle, on this," he said; "but let's see what the actual touch is," and with his other hand, he slid back a little wooden door in the partition.

"Just ring up the House and get me the shade in Cottons," he ordered, and slid the door back into its place again.

Our Stroller casually took out his watch.

"Calico Preference at nineteen shillings look cheap to me," the broker went on. "The Company is doing well now, and for a five per cent. Industrial the shares ought to be worth buying."

"They all swear by Coats in Glasgow," said our friend. "But unless they divide part of the reserve fund or something of that sort, I don't see where the attraction—"

There was a knock on the door in the partition, and the broker opened it again.

"Cottons are forty-six to threepence," he read from the slip passed through. "Here, and in Manchester."

"Just under two minutes," remarked his client, replacing the watch. "Quick work, eh? How is it done?"

The broker explained that a clerk in the next room telephoned to the Stock Exchange, where a waiter called his firm and indicated, by placing his hand to his ear, that the firm was wanted on the 'phone. A House clerk was in waiting for such messages, walked over to the market for the price, and returned to the telephone-room in the House, where he was at once put on to the office.

"That's all. It saves a deal of shoe-leather and impatience," he concluded.

"Saves telegrams, too, I suppose," said Our Stroller.

"All our wires go to the House, of course, unless they are especially addressed here. The orders are executed at once, and the result wired from the market to the client."

"More time-saving, and—"

"We always think"—and the broker smiled—"we may be wrong, of course, but we always think that a client likes to see his telegrams directed from the Stock Exchange rather than from some post-office outside."

"Yes, there's something in that," agreed his client. "But you've got to muddle about with stamps—"

"None of our telegrams are ever stamped," replied the broker, "inland or foreign. The Post Office people send us a weekly account, and we pay for the week's wires in one sum. That saves time, too."

"And are these private telephones? I should have thought you would have wanted more than these," and he pointed to the three instruments in the room.

"None of those are private," said the broker. "You see, we have our own private exchange, and all the special lines are down there. I can get through to any of them by this," and he played with the little pedestal telephone at his elbow.

Our Stroller nodded. "Wonderful thing, the telephone," he commented. The weakness of the remark was compensated by the strength of the broker's language in reply, and then the talk drifted round to Rhodesians.

"They made the market good in order to get out the new Trust, of course," said the broker; "but I'm inclined to doubt if prices will keep up for long unless very good news comes in from one or other of the properties."

"Which I suppose it is quite likely to do?"

"Oh, yes," assented the other. "Quite likely. And we may see a Rhodesian boom this autumn right enough. Only personally I shan't go far in myself."

"And what about this Tin boom in West Africans?"

"Well, I've been all round to what I consider the best-informed sources, and the unanimous opinion is that the whole thing is professional."

"Therefore, can't last?"

"That would seem the natural consequence, certainly. You see, prices have had a good rise there, and, after all, the boom in Tin may not last."

"You are mighty difficult to get a tip out of this morning," laughed Our Stroller. "You show me all these toys of yours, but you don't show me how to make money."

"Can't see my way," confessed the broker. "Rubber—"

Our Stroller made a little gesture of impatience.

"I knew you'd do that," retorted the broker, unperturbed. "I was going to say that Rubber will pay you in a month or two hence, but you must—"

"Be prepared to wait. And to my mind you will have to wait longer than you like."

"On the other hand, you've got to remember," said the broker, "that we were all afraid to touch Rubber until the boom came upon us in full force."

"There are people in my part of the world—" and Our Stroller's eyes twinkled—"who bear no small grudge against their brokers for not having put them into Rubber shares at the proper time."

"Than brokers, there can be none more obtuse when it suits them."

"Of course," replied the one at present under focus, "some

firms did miss excellent chances for making money for their clients, but I am thankful to say—"

"Quite so," and our friend's eyes were indeed twinkling now. "It was unfortunate that—"

"Yes, you were away at the time, weren't you?—or I was; one or the other, I forget which, and so—"

"But you think we may have another chance?"

"Not in the rubbish. It is a thing most devoutly to be thankful for that the Rubber boom toppled over when it did, because there were some absolutely hopeless propositions—"

"I have a few certificates myself," said Our Stroller.

"I mean, though, that the gamble had got to such a pitch that the public would have swallowed any rotten swindle, and the collapse of the boom did stop that appetite."

"Not before it had been well catered for?"

"The proportion of swindles, downright swindles, was small. But the number that was being prepared is probably a very different story. That's where the public escaped losing a lot of money."

Our Stroller confessed that the argument was rather too negative for him to be greatly taken by it.

"Still," he added, "time will show whether you are right or not. And if we do get a fresh boom in Rubber shares—"

"I prefer to call it a fresh revival of interest," corrected the broker. "We shan't have a boom—in the same sense as the last, anyway."

"When is this fresh revival of interest to come, may I ask?"

"I like your caustic tone!" and the broker laughed outright. "Explicitly, then, I look for the revival—call it what you like—some time between the middle of October and Christmas."

Our Stroller jotted down a few lines in his diary. "If it doesn't come off—" he said meaningly.

"But it will," was the confident reply. "And—"

The buzzer buzzed.

"That means lunch," said the broker. "Come along." And he led the way into a pleasant room where on an ample table lay all the details of an excellent lunch, well served. There were two vases of flowers also.

The host unlocked a cupboard door, and drew out, first, a corkscrew.

FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

(1) All letters on Financial subjects only must be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C., and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.

(2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and

adopt a nom-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no nom-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.

(3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.

(4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.

(5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.

(6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.

(7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.

(8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters cannot receive attention.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

AURUM.—For the present, the shares should certainly be held. We have forwarded your suggestion as requested.

HOME RAILS.—(1) We doubt whether Central London Ordinary will go to 70 this autumn. (2) Midland Deferred may touch 64, unless the latest lock-out becomes more serious than it seems to be at the time of writing.

VINEBURGH IRVINE.—We regret having been unable to get any information so far.

FANCY.—There has been great trouble over the management, and it is now said that the former man has picked the eyes out of the oxydised ore. Everything depends on whether the sulphides at the 200-foot level and deeper can be treated to produce a profit. It was a good little property, and we thought bound to be a success. There is plenty of sulphide ore, but it is doubtful if the gold can be got out at any reasonable cost. Experiments are going on to settle this question.

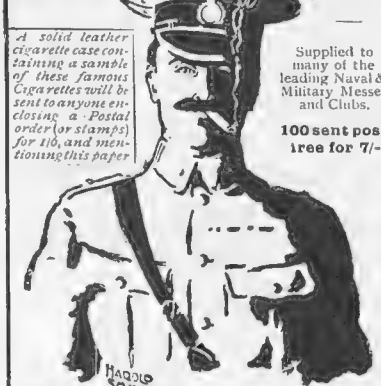
MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

I think Lemberg will beat Swynford cleverly for the St. Leger, and Bronzino may finish in the first three. Other selections for Doncaster are: Bradgate Nursery, Sarensa; Rufford Abbey Handicap, Torch; Portland Handicap, Americus Girl; Alexandra Handicap, Islington Green; Rous Plate, Eaton; Doncaster Cup, Bachelor's Double; Prince of Wales's Nursery, Garraveen; Doncaster Stakes, Yellow Slave; Park Hill Stakes, Rosedrop. At Alexandra Park, Colonial may win the September Welter, Louigny the Finsbury Handicap, and Adana the Autumn Nursery. At Haydock Park, Juliet II. may win the Makerfield Handicap, and Specifical the Haydock Park Handicap.

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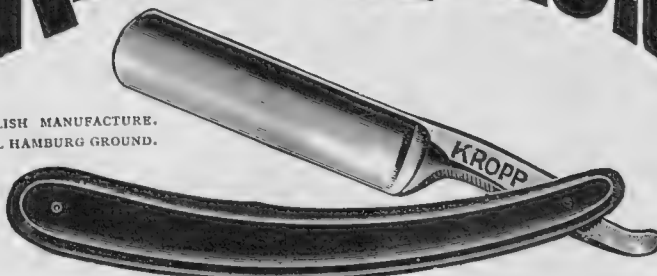
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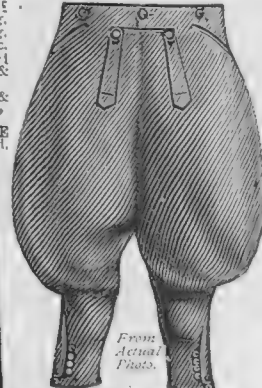
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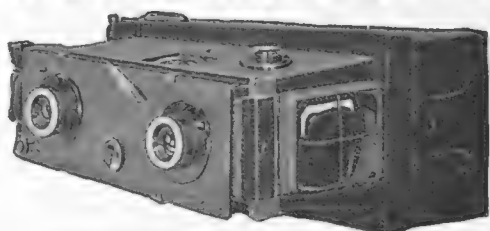
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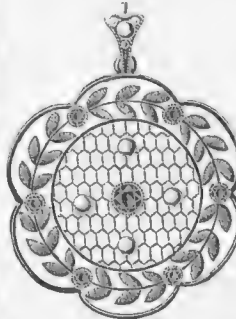
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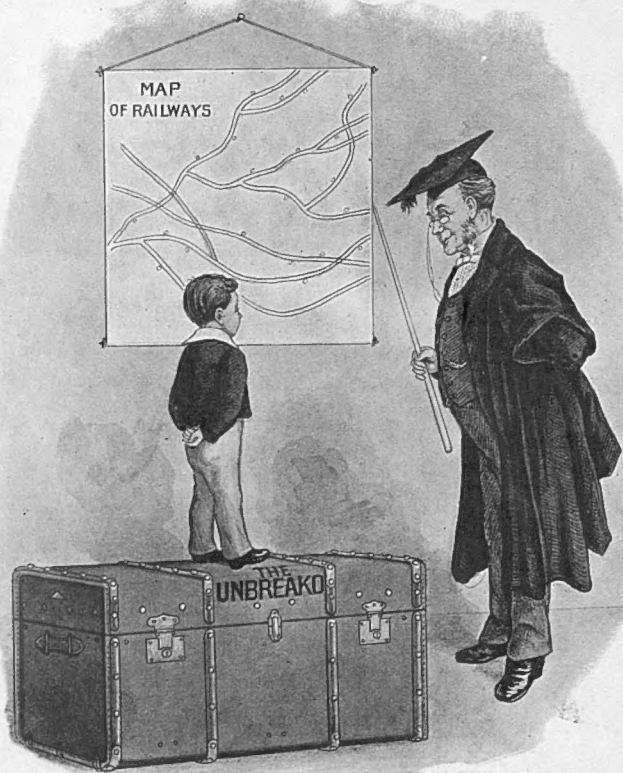


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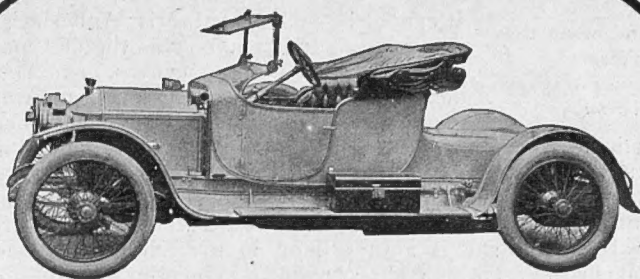
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"Tales of the Tenements."

By EDEN PHILLPOTTS.
(John Murray.)

Every now and then, Mr. Phillpotts writes his "Contes Drolatiques," and everyone who relishes humour spiced with a dash of tragedy, served up in fine old Devon clomb, will read and enjoy them. These little stories are all of Dartmoor farms; most of them are told by the farmers themselves of their grandparents or great-grandparents, for echoes of the French wars, of the terrible Napoleon, and the French captives in Princetown Prison serve to date them. "The Revenge" is, perhaps, the gem of the collection. How delicious is that interview between the masterful miller and his slack-twisted millman "in the ancient times out of mind"! "To him crawled in Tozer Grigg; and the difference between 'em was the difference between a daddy-long-legs wandering helpless afore the wind and a busy, bustling bee that knows its work and its way home and everything else that's worth knowing from a bee's point of view." And because Tozer didn't get his rise of wage, only abuse for becoming eight times a father—"no better than a buck rabbit"—he stole forth one night to destroy the trestle-bridge that carried water to the mill. Down along home he went, but the water was there before him; "stram-bang into his door it had rushed, and six children of all sizes was being drowned by degrees inside." In fact, odds and ends belonging to the Griggs was found all down the valley for days and months after. He was a God-fearing man, and it needed much less than the flooding of his cottage and the extra two shillings a week given at his wife's appeal to bring him to his knees. Open confession and atonement, he told his wife, were absolute necessities to his self-respect: "She looked him over first—as if he was a new sort of doubtful insect that had flown in the window off Dartmoor. 'You anointed fool,' said she, 'if you was a bachelor, you might go to penal servitude and stop there for all anybody would care—and richly would you deserve it; but, as things are, I'm your wife for my sins, and I should very much like to know what me and your eight be going to do while you pick oakum and sing hymns and get even with your conscience.' So he worked for Miller Ouldsbroom early and late, as never one man worked for another before. Comparisons are not always odious, they may lend a gracious emphasis to character and style; at least, it is certain that in work like this, Mr. Phillpotts runs Hardy and his "Life's Little Ironies" very close. Some of the Tenement tales will hang in the smaller rooms of memory like the swift, sure water-colours of a master. But one of them recalls the name of Philip Ouldsbroom and his Tiger, and one longs for

another large canvas, with the profound construction and the deep, delicate analysis of the "Thief of Virtue."

"Wind along the Waste."

By MAUDE ANNESLEY.
(Methuen.)

It cannot be denied that Miss Annesley's book is stirring melodrama. From the first moment, violent with ripping canvas, as Aregonde destroys her picture and sends packing her gentlemanly fiancé, to the last of flame and shot and suicide, the story holds its high Adelphic way. The poor lady, beautiful and rich and charming, an artist—therefore a genius—notwithstanding her wonderful red hair and strange distinction, her host of admiring friends and hopeless males who propose at regular intervals, though she is always hung in the Salon and sometimes bought by the State, is really very dull. Unendurably so. Therefore one night, returning home from a party, she dismisses the cab and saunters by the Seine. And Fate approached like the godmother to Cinderella. And it brought her a band of Apaches, with a leader so beautiful that she asks him—the robbing over—to sit for her as Agamemnon. The fancy takes him to comply, and from that the doses of sensation needing, like opium, to be increased, the haunting of Apache dens, the passionate liaison, the excursions with the thieves on their business are but degrees of progression. The cup is brimmed with the prison and the guillotine—for Agamemnon. For Aregonde, the fastidious English lady painter, there remain the pistol and the flaming studio. And quite rightly—one would be disappointed with less. It is all done with much grace and cleverness. If Aregonde's lending library could but have supplied her with such a book, her thirst for thrills would surely have been assuaged, and she might be painting masterpieces now.

"The Young Idea."

By FRANK A. SWINNERTON.
(Chatto and Windus.)

"Do you know that Homer said the people of his time weren't so fine as those who were dead?" Mr. Swinnerton records one of his characters as saying. The remark may evoke in the reader's mind a wonder as to what Homer would have done with such a crowd as that which peoples "The Young Idea." Undoubtedly they would have been the slaves to polish the heroes' armour and keep their tents tidy. Shakespeare might have got farce from them, but it takes a modernist to place them in comedy. Like the animals, they take the colour of their surroundings; and those are clerks' offices and Maida Vale flats! Hilda is a good little creature, and though her dulness be matched by the vagueness of Eric Galbraith, one is glad of their eventual happiness. Obscurity ought to be happy, as Maida Vale flats ought to be comfortable; otherwise they have no *raison d'être*.

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